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THE ARC
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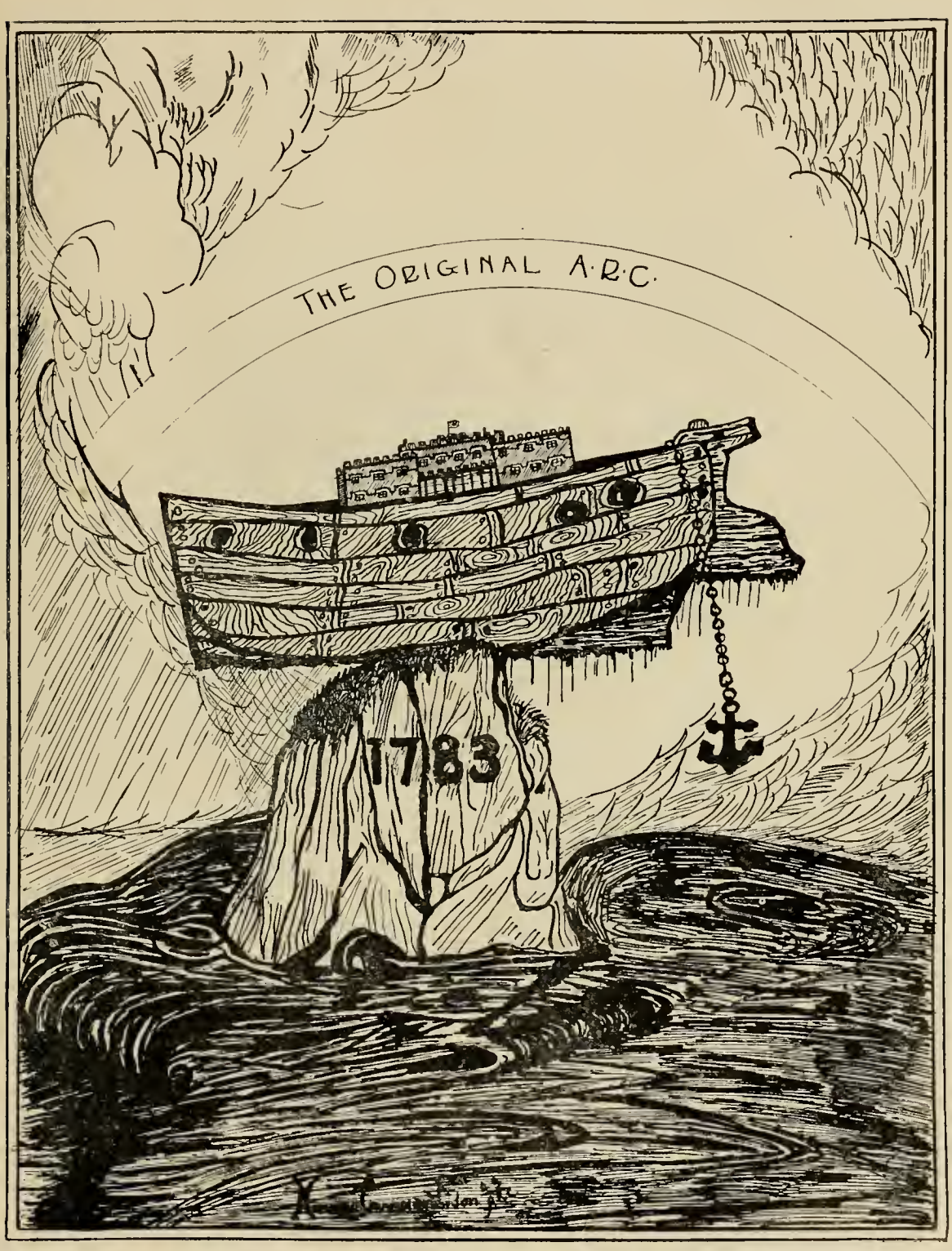
Eleanor Henderson Edwards

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THE ORIGINAL A·R·C·
1783



To

George Phineas Butler

Principal

of the Academy of Richmond County, we the Senior Class of 1921, do dedicate this third volume of "The ARC," in appreciation of his untiring efforts toward the upbuilding and improvement of our school.

Staff of "The ARC"

—o—

Editor-in-Chief—HENRY M. NORTH, JR.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief—JIM C. SHERMAN

Business Manager—R. M. MEDLOCK

Assistant Business Manager—GUY MERRY

Literary Editor—
J. MARION ADAMS

Military Editor—
HERVEY M. CLECKLEY

Athletic Editor—
C. ELLIOTT HEATH

Art Editor—
BARNEY S. DUNBAR

Assistant Art Editors—
HOWARD C. JORDON
JAMES McNEILL
G. PRESTON HOLLAND
SAYNOR JOHNSON

Joke Editors—
R. L. M. PARKS
F. S. CHANCE

Foundation of The Academy of Richmond County

THE Academy of Richmond County is the oldest educational institution in Georgia, and the fourth oldest in the United States. The Statute of 1783, under which it was created, may not be a technical charter, and no corporate name was given to the Board, which, though not called Trustees of the Richmond Academy, was referred to sometimes as the Commissioners of Richmond County, sometimes as the Trustees of Augusta, and sometimes as the Trustees of the Academy and the Church. The original act did not designate the duties of the Board. They exercised all manner of powers, many of them diverse, and from our present standpoint incongrous. It laid out the town, numbered the lots, named the streets, built St. Paul's Church, managed the Academy and chose the teachers, ran a lottery, repaired the river bank, narrowed Broad and Greene Streets, and performed many other functions not recorded here.

In 1783, immediately after the close of the war, the first demand of the citizens was for the establishment of an Academy. The new State had no money and no means of raising it, but it took advantage of the fact that the land in and around Augusta was held under royal grants, containing a provision that the purchaser should improve the property within a given time, or else that the lot should revert back to the King. Many of these lots had been bought up by those who did not improve them, and hence were liable to forfeiture. These, together with the Public Reserve, originally laid out as a common around the Fort, were vested in Trustees to be sold, and the proceeds used for building a church, and for the building of an academy or seminary of learning.

It was, of course, necessary to sell lots and raise money before the school could be established. But the citizens were not willing to wait on that slow progress for raising an endowment sufficient enough to maintain the academy. They did not want their children to be deprived of that which was instantly needed. But the Board looked at it from a financial stand point, and took no steps either towards hiring a teacher or erecting a building. The public was not satisfied with the progress made and the Grand Jury, on March 27, 1784, presented as a grievance "the want of a seminary of learning." This stimulated the Board, and they let a contract for the erection of a schoolhouse. This contractor died before any work was done and the Grand Jury again in October, 1784, presented as a grievance "the languishing situation of the intended academy or seminary of learning." The Board then rescinded the contract with the executor of the deceased contractor, but appeared to have been unable to forward the building. The Grand Jury, again responding to the public impatience, on March 24, 1785, presented as a grievance "the Commissioners for the public buildings of this town for not making proper exertions in getting the church and academy erected, notwithstanding the funds appropriated for the purpose and which are deemed more than adequate to carry the same into execution." This presentment stirred them into motion, and on the next day,

March 25, 1785, "the Board having consulted upon the employment of a Master for the Academy, and Mr. Wm. Rogers, late of the state of Maryland, having been well recommended, as being of good fame and sufficiently learned in the sciences, appointed him Master at a salary of £200 and the use of the buildings and garden, for which the said Master should give his whole time, shall teach the Latin, Greek and English languages, and the common practical branches of mathematics, according to the rules established and practiced in the seminaries of learning and reading in the United States. Children learning letters and reading, will be charged $4.00; those learning the principles of the Enlish grammar and ciphering, $5.00; and those learning the Latin and Greek languages, or any branch of the mathematics, $10.00 per quarter." The school established was for boys and girls and remained so for a long period, its exact termination not being known.

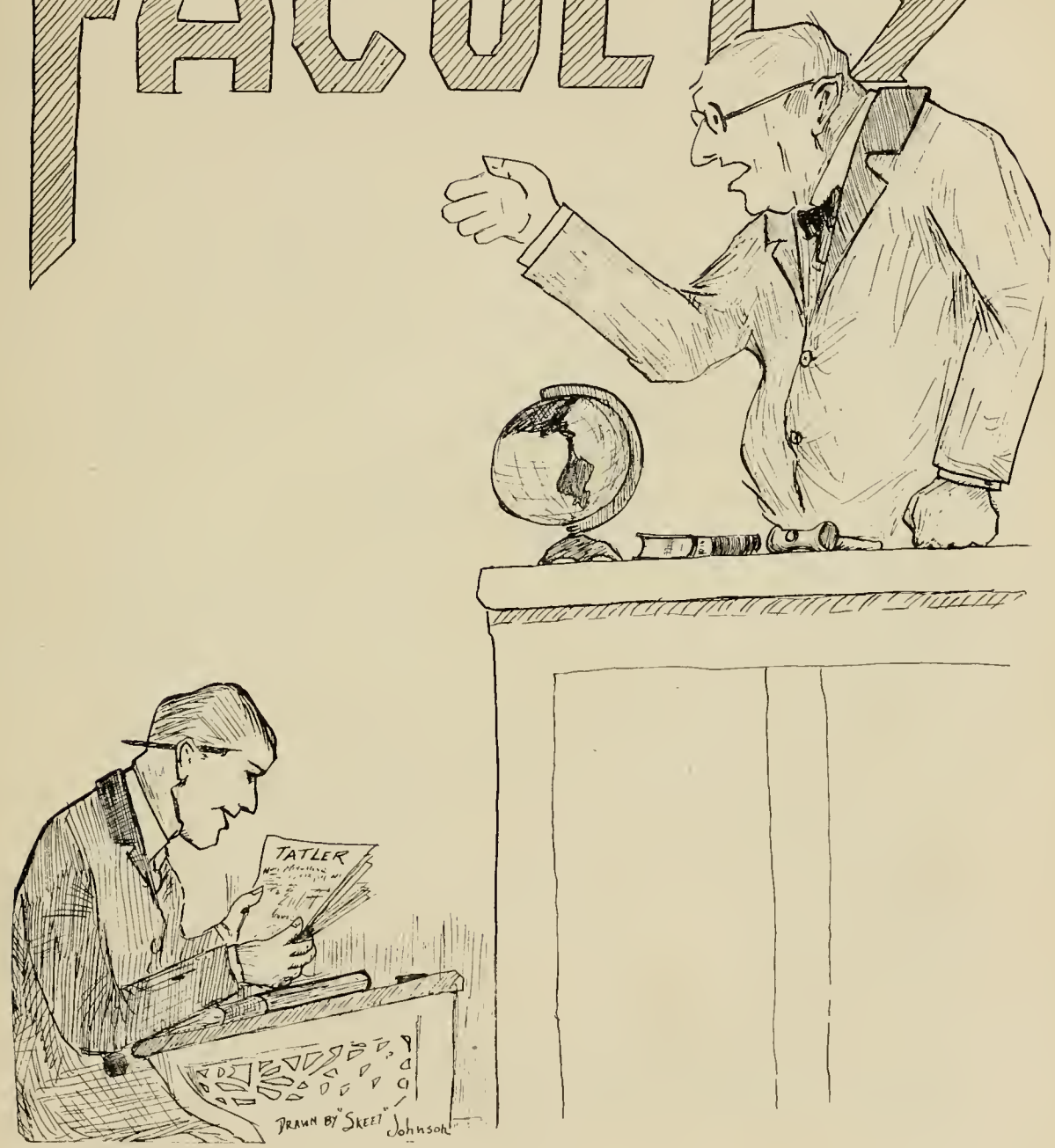
On the same day they resolved that a merchant be employed to import books, the list of which shows a high standard for the new school. Also French and English tutors were employed at a salary of $300 each.

The school was first held in some building that had formerly been used in pre-revolutionary days, and was opened in April, 1785, the first commencement being on October 24, 1786. We cannot determine exactly where the first schoolhouse was located, but the minutes of May, 1784, show that the Board let the contract for a building which was to be erected on the square bounded by Washington, Reynolds, McIntosh and Bay, the academy to be exactly in the center; a large gate, avenue and court to be exactly in the front, and a garden from the back to the rear. This site was abandoned, and the first schoolhouse was erected on Bay between Elbert and Lincoln. In it court was held, and also church services, until 1789, when St. Paul's was built. This building was spoken of as tenement No. 9. There was evidently another large building on the adjoining lot, for, at the same time, it was resolved that the lot No. 8 "should be reserved until the further order of the Board for the sessions of the General Assembly, and for the holding of the Superior and Inferior Courts of the county, together with the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, and that for that purpose the keys were to be given to his Execellency upon his application, who is required after the rising of the Legislature to deliver the same to the sheriff for the uses last named."

The Public Examinations were held in the spring and fall, and it is most interesting to note to what great importance they were considered by the entire community. They were attended by the Board officially and by the public generally; sometimes by the Governor and the Executive Council, later by the City Council in a body. The first of which we have any record is that of March 30, 1786, and another in July, 1789.

The above article was written by Felton Davis of the Class of 1916, and was published in last year's "ARC." We are publishing it again this year because of its unusual merit.

FACULTY



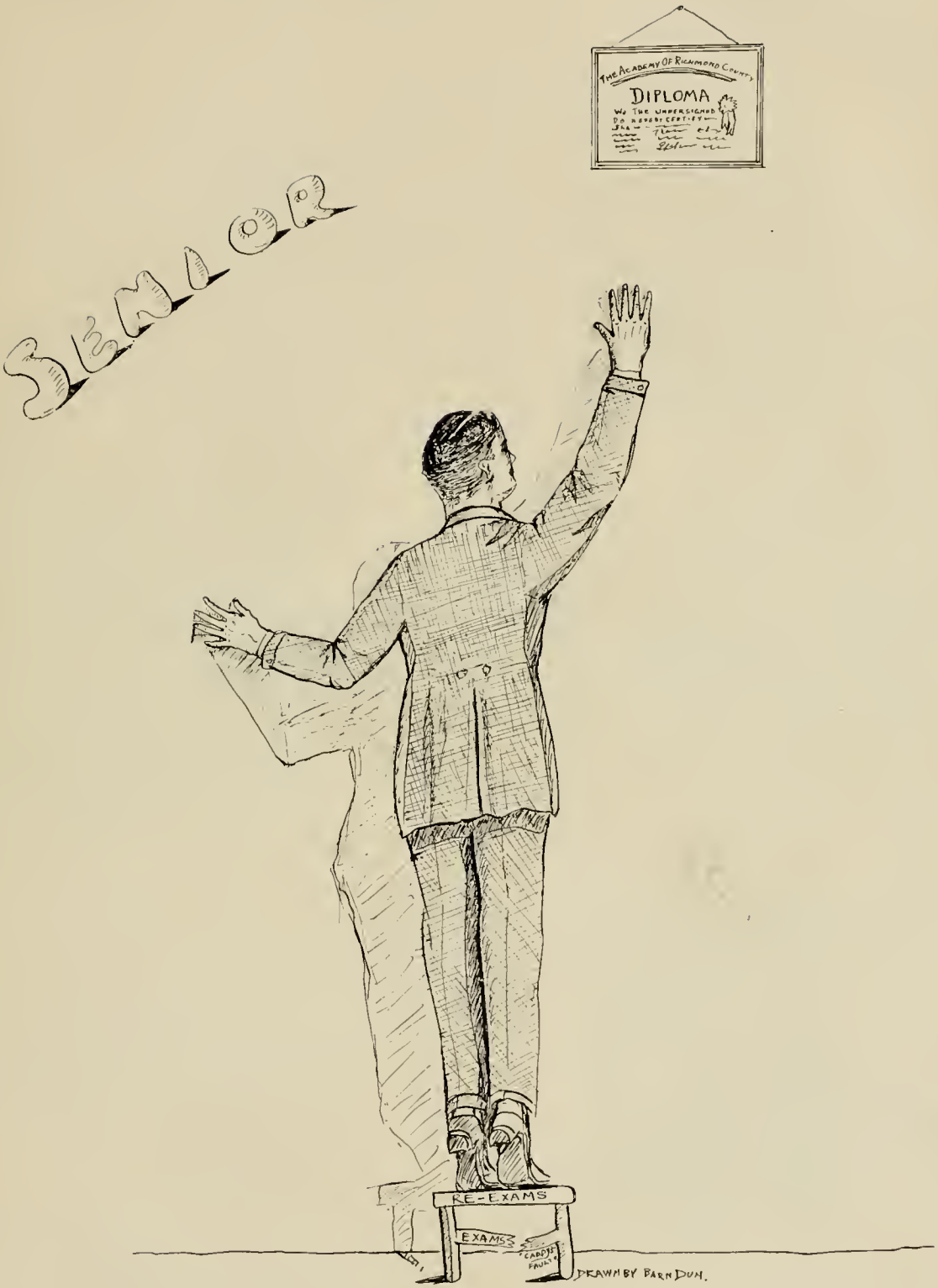

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Faculty

1. E. K. KANE ..... English, Spanish, French
2. J. B. LOCKHART ..... English, Algebra
3. W. S. NICHOLSON ..... History, Economics
4. J. L. TAYLOR ..... Mathematics, English
5. J. L. SKINNER ..... Mathematics, Physics
6. C. H. MITCHELL ..... Civics, English
7. R. H. CROOK ..... Mathematics, Athletics
8. O. C. SKINNER, Asst. Principal ..... Shopwork, Drawing
9. W. R. KENNEDY ..... Commercial Subjects
10. H. W. BLANCHARD ..... History, Science
11. C. G. CORDLE ..... French, History
12. C. A. SCRUGGS ..... Biology, Chemistry
13. R. H. SHERMAN ..... Mathematics
14. M. T. BRYSON ..... Science, English
15. J. E. EUBANKS ..... Latin, English
16. J. G. McDONALD ..... Mathematics, English



This picture is dedicated to the spirit of the students of Tubman toward the interests and activities of the students of the A. R. C., with the hope that in the future years the interests of the two schools may be interlinked more closely.


THE ACADEMY OF RICHMOND COUNTY
DIPLOMA
SENIOR
RE-EXAMS
EXAMS
DRAWN BY BARNDUN.



Jim Chapman Sherman

Captain *Technical*

Jim is known as the "brains of the class" and is a material aid to some of the teachers in working out problems. Take, for instance, Science 51, 52. He also made the trip to Athens to the Hi-Y convention. One of the mysteries of this trip was the name of the girl who "picked his class pin up off the floor." Jime makes numerous trips to Washington, Ga., to be exact, one trip a week.

Noted: Highest Honor 1*, 3, 4; High Honor 2; Sgt. 3; 2d Lieut. 4; Capt. 5; Class Vice-Pres. 3; Secretary 4; Pres. 5; Pres. Stephens Literary Society 5; Vice-Pres. Hi-Y 5; Asst. Editor-in-Chief of "The ARC" 5.

Henry Martyn North, Jr.

Captain *Technical*

Henry has always been very popular among the boys, as shown at the end of this little discussion. As a tackle he has no superior. We understand that Henry is a bear on a dance floor, being almost as good as Hervey M. C. III. He shows every day that he is a wonderful tactician, having trained Moog, S., and Fourcher, K.

Noted: Honor 3; Corp. 2; 1st Sgt. 3; 1st Lieut. 4; Capt. 5; Co. football 3; Varsity footbal 4; Capt. varsity footbal 5; Pres. Hi-Y 5; Vice-Pres. North Georgia Older Boys Conference 5; Class Pres. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Vice-Pres. 5; Treas. Lamar Literary Society 3; Vice- Pres. 5; Asst. Bus. Mgr. "The ARC" 4; Editor in Chief 5.





Hervey Milton Cleckley, III

Captain *Scientific*

"Opie" is one of our honor men and either he or another Captain is scheduled to take first honor. Since he entered the Academy he has taken a great interest in athletics, and for the last two years has been known as "the track team." He made the 100 yards this year in ten seconds, and his ambition now is to do it in nine and three-fifths, or better. Hervey is a genius with the ladies, and he is some lover; having changed girls three times in the last three years. He has at last attained one of his highest ambitions; he can now change gears on his car with his left hand without disturbing the young lady in the front seat, and is overjoyed at his great success.

Noted: Corp. 3; First Sgt. 4; Capt. 5; Highest Honors 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Representative 2, 3; Track 1, 2, 3; Capt. Track Team 4, 5; Co. football 3; Varsity football 2, 4, 5; Class Treasurer 4; Secretary 5; Vice-President Stephens Literary Society 5; Military Editor "The ARC" 5; Hi-Y.

*The numbers indicate the classes: 1, Freshman; 2, Sophomore; 3, Intermediate; 4, Junior; and 5, Senior.



Charles Clare Fargo

Non-drill *General*

"Chip" led a gay life until this year, when he decided to try for an appointment to West Point. Since his appointment he has become a serious, deep thinker, trying hard to get all he can out of his studies. He is known as the "Iron Man," he is so hard. Just getting in practice for the Army. Until this year he was an ideal "tea-hound"; liked by all and known in society as "Grandpa." West Point will get a good man in Charlie.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Non-drill 5; Co. football 3, 4; Hi-Y.



James Marion Adams

Supply Sergeant *Scientific*

"Ade" pretends to be a scholar, but instead of studying his lessons, he studies the French lesson of a certain young lady. In his wonderful research work in "Mech" laboratory he has made some vital discoveries. Among them: (1) blood flows through the heart; (2) the right foot is not on the left-hand side. With the exception of Moog, he is the best middle-weight man on the track.

Noted: Honors 1, 2, 3, 4; Corp. 3, 4; Supply Sergt. 5; Co. Football 3, 4; Track 3; Varsity Track 4; Middleweight Championship Cup 4. Athletic Representative 5. Secretary North Georgia Older Boy's Conference. Secretary Stephens Liteary Society. Literary Editor "The ARC" 5; Class Poet 5; Cheer Leader 5; Hi-Y.



Eugene Middleton Baker

Non-drill *Scientific*

"Shorty," better known as "Bak," "Duck," or "Duke," entered our class the last of the third year and since that time has become very well known. I think the way he obtained this notoriety was by always being willing to argue with anyone at any time, especially the teachers. He has lately been christened "The Duke of Hamburg," and can be recognized by his "Royal Ford." The young lady who is always seen with him in the "Royal Ford" is not his sister.

Note: Corp 4; Non-drill 5; Varsity Football 4, 5; Athletic Representative 4, 5; Treasurer Hi-Y 5; Treasurer Lamar Literary Society 5.



Francis Sinclair Chance

Color Sergeant *General*

Chance hails from the great metropolis of North Augusta, across the river. He was admitted to our class during the fall of 1918, and was progressing at a rapid clip until the Savannah quintet arrived in Augusta, when he was magnetically attracted by a fair damsel from the city by the sea and is contemplating a wonderful "Chance" with her. He has engaged in many wrestling matches and is a wonder at air dancing.

Noted: Private 3, 4; Color Sergeant 5; Co. Football 1, 5; Joke Editor "The ARC" 5.

Barney Savage Dunbar

Non-drill *Technical*

"B" has lately been writing his name "Dumbar" for one reason or another; he and Fargo, W. have made a bet as to which one would be the first out of school this year. "B" was a charter member of the "R. P." A great change came over him in the third year as you can see from his accomplishments noted below. One of "B's" most enjoyable evenings was spent at the Georgia Tech Glee Club concert which was rendered at the Grand. I wonder why? Because of this one evening he has spent many days of torture. I wonder why? Barney is one of the best natured as well as best-liked members of our class. He is especially a pet among the teachers, and pays Major a visit every week or two. I wonder why?

Noted: High Honor 1; Honor 2; Corp. 2; Sgt. 3, 4; Non-drill 5; Assistant Art Editor "The ARC" 4; Art Editor 5.





Walter Gordon Fargo

Non-drill *General*

Here is another case of "a good man done gone wrong." Walter takes a particular delight in kidding "Dunbar" about being "dumb." I wonder how he can talk on this subject? He, too, is another one who enjoyed the Tech Glee Club immensely. Ask Barney. Walter left us last year to go to V. M. I., but he just couldn't stay away from the Old Historic, so he came back this year to worry the faculty, but not himself.

Noted: Corp. Bugler 2; Sgt. 3; Second Lieut. 4; Non-drill 5.



Kenneth Rushton Fourcher

Sergeant *Scientific*

"Madame" has become a lady's man lately. Note his middle name; that's what he did in Athens. We understand that he is receiving about two letters weekly from a certain Miss . ... of that city. Recently he has been riding with a young lady who lives on the Wrightsboro Road.

Noted: Corp. 4; Sgt. 5; Hi-Y.



William Lamar Fulghum

Sergeant *General*

Bill never misses a show, baseball game, football game, or any other entertainment put on by A. R. C. or Tubman (neither does a certain Miss Ruby, who says she loves to ride in a Columbia). Willie was among those who made a hit in Athens. He spent half his time at the State Normal School, and the other half at Lucy Cobb. Bill always takes great interest in everything the class does. He left us his Intermediate year, but re-entered as a Junior last year.

Noted: Corp. 4; Sgt. 5; Hi-Y Editor "The ARC" 5; Class Historian 5; Treas. Stephens Literary Society 5; Hi-Y.



Cornelius Elliott Heath

Captain *Technical*

If anyone should ask you the formula for Cornelius, just tell them "P4H." If you want to know what that means, ask "Sunshine," I know he will be delighted to tell you. When it comes to visiting the ladies and making bad breaks "Sunshine" is a genius. Ask him about that spot on a certain young lady's floor. This young man can easily be recognized, even in the multitudes, by his melodious laugh and his stately form.

Noted: Corp 3; Sgt. 3; 1st Sgt. 4; Capt. 5; Co. football 3, 4, 5; Varsity basketball 5; Athletic Editor "The ARC" 5; Hi-Y.



George Preston Holland

Non-drill *General*

"Prestonian" has the distinction of being the largest boy in the class. He is another of our great doctors-to-be. According to Mr. Scruggs he may some day obtain a position as delivery boy for a M. D. Were "Pres" a little taller, he would make an excellent "forward" for a basketball team.

Noted: Private 1, 2, 3, 4; Retired 5. He is a wonderful debator for the Stephens Literary Society. Hi-Y.



Harold Eugene Laird

Non-drill *Technical*

"Jelly" is an Irishman of the first degree. He is among the hardest and bravest fighters for the freedom of that little island across the sea. So much does he love his old country that he wears green socks, a green cap, a green necktie, green clothes, uses green ink in his fountain pen, and draws shamrocks in all of his books.

Noted: Private 3, 4: Non-drill 5; Stout 3, 4, 5.



Louis Lanier Lokey

Second Lieutenant *General*

"Lefty" Louie, that incomparable French hawk, has, like Marion Adams, made some very wonderful discoveries. He and Adams work together, and each day learn something new of the human body. Louie is also a very good (?) baseball player.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; 2nd Lieut. 5; Co. football 3, 4, 5; Varsity baseball 3.



Matthew Arnold Mallard

Sergeant *Technical*

Matthew has been given several nicknames; the first to be wished upon him was "The Eyebrowless Wonder." This stuck until he started taking chemistry under Mr. Scruggs, since which time he has been known as "Boy," from the lecture he got every day, which was something like this: "Boy! Boy! why don't you study? You can't pass this course, Boy. I'm not going to let you." So you see "Mac" had a bright future when exams came around. When it comes to worrying the teachers "Mac" is a wonder, but best of all he likes to worry the girls.

Noted: Corp. 4; Sgt. 5; Co. football 4, 5; Hi-Y.



Herman Markert

Non-drill

Herman entered the Old Historic at the beginning of our third year, and since that time has run Philpo a good race for the noisiest boy in the class. Herman is a great sportsman; he loves to hunt and fish. On several occasions he has indulged in these pleasures with Major, so you see that he must be good. His greatest ambition is to uphold the record made by his brother at Richmond.



Ralph Marsh Medlock

Non-drill *Commercial*

"Med" entered in his third year, coming from North Augusta High School to enter the best class that ever came to Richmond. Because of the good record he made after entering, "Med" was made Business Manager of "The ARC," and has been struggling with this job very successfully, which can be seen by just looking through this book, and thinking how much time was spent in getting it up. When it comes to looking the ladies over, "Med" is A-1.

Noted: High Honors 3, 4; Business Mgr. "The ARC" 5.



Hinton Francis Miller

First Sergeant — *Technical*

"Tony" has had rather hard luck during his days at the A.R.C. He became very sick during his intermediate year, losing a complete term. Despite this fact, he has caught up his work, and stands high in all his studies. He deserves exceptional credit for his ability and willingness to help in anything and at all times in the affairs of the class. He is the Class Prophet, and he's a regular Jonah. Hinton made a hit at Mayfield last summer, being chosen by a certain lady as the best-looking boy at Berckmans'.

Note: Corp. 3, 4; 1st Sgt. 5; High Honors 1, 2; Co. football 5; Class Prophet 5.



Ollie Odelle McGahee

First Sergeant — *Commercial*

"Harrisburg Mac" was among those who went to Berckmans' last summer. He will probably return several times on account of a Miss C. .. He is studying to become a C. P. A., whatever that is. "Mac" is a very regular church-goer, attending the Gypsy Smith meeting almost every night (but not for religion's sake).

Noted: Corp. 3, 4; 1st Sgt. 5; Honors 2, 3; High Honor 4.



Morton Nachman

Non-drill — *Scientific*

"Venus" is among our best students, having acquired honors for two years. We understand he takes a certain young lady to the "Imperial" about three nights a week. "Mutt" is a regular scandal collector; each Monday morning he has something to tell of every lady's conduct during the week end.

Noted: High Honor 1; Honor 3; Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Hi-Y.



Leroy Henry Oetjen

First Lieutenant *General*

We don't exactly understand "Looney." His attentions are about equally divided between lower Broad and Thomson. Leroy was among the delegates to Athens; in this fair city he parked for a couple of days with a family with "beaucoup de demree." With the exception of a few bad habits, "Oetj" does very well.

Noted: Corp. 2, 3; Sgt. 4; 1st Lieut. 5; Co. football 2; Hi-Y.



Auburn Ganbelle Owens

Non-drill *General*

"Spaghetti" is undoubtedly one of the best pitchers ever signed by the A. R. C. ball team. "Three-baggers" are his favorite hits. Auburn has shown marked ability in the baseball line and if continued improvement follows, he will soon be wanted by "Connie Mack."

Noted: Corp. 4; Co. football 2, 3, 4; Varsity baseball 2, 3, 4, 5.



Richard Meade Owens

Corporal Bugler *Technical*

"Bobo Brusco St. Nega Brandolaccio" has put in a course at A. R. C. in "Apus 52." To enter this class, one must have spent at least six weeks with one or more apes. "Bluey" is working hard for a Tech Diploma and a Harvard Scholarship. With his unequalled ability, and the theoretical aid from Mr. Fargo, C. C. he is planning a complete revision of Descriptive Geometry. He will undoubtedly be the successor to Prof. A. A. Michelson.

Noted: Honor 4; Bugler 3, 4; Corp. Bugler 5.



Robert Lee McAllister Parks

First Lieutenant *General*

Bobbie is known in some circles as "Professor," in others as "Daddy," and again as "R.L.M." Professor is another boy to receive Mr. Scruggs' severe warnings about studying chemistry. But Bobbie fooled him on the exam. He is also one of the charter members of the "R.P." Bobbie is a typical "tea-hound" with the ladies, hair and all. The all includes his graceful walk.

Noted: Honors 1, 2; Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; 1st Lieut. 5; Co. football 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity baseball 4; Joke Editor "The ARC" 5.

William Kuhlke Philpot

Second Lieutenant *General*

Billy has so many nicknames that to name them all would take a good size volume: some few are: "Coach," "Buttons," "Goodlooking," "Handsome Hank," "Philpo," and "M——." One of "Handsome Hank's" greatest ambitions is to be able to ride his bicycle with no hands, and at the same time carry his book-bag, without which he is never seen. Billy has taken an active part in the athletics at Richmond since he first entered, and has made good in some of them, as may be seen below. When it comes to the ladies, "M——" is right there. You can never tell who his girl is, as he changes about once a week. He is known as the quietest boy in the class.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; 2d Lieut. 5; Co. football 1, 2, 3; Varsity football 4, 5; baseball 4, 5; basketball 5; Athletic Representative 1; Hi-Y.





Louis Edward Reese

First Sergeant *Commercial*

Louis, that Grovetown tourist, spends about half of his time on the Picayune conversing with pretty girls, especially one from Tubman. We believe she lives at Berzelia. Louis thinks he is a baseball player.

Noted: Corp. 4; 1st Sgt. 5; Co. football 3, 4, 5; Varsity baseball 3, 4, 5; Athletic Representative 5; Hi-Y.



Pincus Tanenbaum

Non-drill *Commercial*

Pinkey is one of our most distinguished commercial hawks, and when he graduates, look out! millionaires! Pinkey will be pushing you for your jobs and your money. Pinkey just declares that you can't keep a good man down; as Mr. Alger would say, "He's bound to rise." Pinkey came to America at the tender age of two, from Bolshevik Russia, and since that time has been upholding their principles. Pinkey is one of our handsomest fellow classmen and has all the girls raving about him.



Kennard Shields Trowbridge

Sergeant *General*

"Dent" acquired his high rank through some undoubted pull. Nevertheless, he is very proud of his chevrons. He has shown wonderful ability in his studies, especially chemistry. He has already stood two exams in this subject and says he is ready for another.

Noted: Corp. 4; Sgt. 5; Track 2, 3, 4; Co. footbal 3, 4, 5; Hi-Y.



Frank Halsey Tufts

Non-drill *Special Classical*

Mr. Frank "Detective" Tufts came to our dear Old Historic two years ago. His home is in Mitchell, Ga., a large city which boasts of having produced a detective even greater than Sherlock Holmes. Tufts is a great genius; he crawls through the engine of Major's ford and cleans out the cobwebs, free of charge (?). The main reason he was employed at the lunch stand is because of his X-ray eyes. He can look through a basket of sandwiches and tell exactly how many are there, how many were swiped, and who swiped them.

Noted: Manager Academy Book Store; Hi-Y.



Richard Miles Watkins

Non-drill *Commercial*

Dick has acquired the eye of a marksman from experience in chalk throwing in the Dormitory and in study hall. With the championship of a certain Mr. Jones, he holds position as terror of the Dormitory. Dick is studying to be a banker. Moral: Watch your money closely!

Noted: Corp. 4; Hi-Y.



Harry Mason Wyly

Non-drill *General*

Harry is another one of the mystery men of our class. The great mystery surrounding his life is how he "speeds" up and down the paved streets of Augusta in his Ford, and at the same time evades the speed cops. I have heard it said that he even drives at the terrific rate of twelve miles an hour and thinks nothing of this feat. Another mystery is: who is the girl who accompanies him on these reckless rides?



Claude Ralph Youngblood

Non-drill *General*

Ralph has the rep. of being the best orator in the class. On account of his wonderful ability he has been appointed Class Orator. He completed the five-year course in four years, showing marked progress.

Noted: Corp. 2; Class Orator 5; Hi-Y.

A Thing or Two About the Senior Class

By BILL PHILPOT

Name	*Nickname*	*Favorite Sport*	*Description*	*Opinion of other Sex*	*Highest Ambition*
ADAMS, M.	Josie	Arguing	Huge	Only One	To be T. Watson No. 2
BAKER, E.	Shorty	Lieing	Hard	Great	To find his pants
CHANCE, F.	Lord Chesty	The old corn	Teahound	Wonderful	To get a dip.
CLECKLEY, H.	Opie	Bulling off tests	Lounge lizard	Divine	To stop blushing
DUNBAR, B.	"B"	Punk drawing	Gay	Elegant	To pass 5 re-exams
FARGO, C.	Chippie	Loving the girls	Chipmunk	Nice	To be wild
FARGO, W.	Cocoanut	Writing "Frank"	Movie type	Gorgeous	To be shipped
FOURCHER, K.	Madame	Being hard	Boisterous	Only Josie	To marry Josie
FULGHUM, W.	Ruby	Being funny	Perfect 36	One Ruby	To use his mouth
HEATH, E.	P + H	Toddling	Bones	Inexpressible	To fall in love
HOLLAND, P.	George P.	Being quiet	Hungry	Too small	To be a cowboy
LAIRD, H.	Jelly	Eating	A barrel	Not for me	To throw a seven
LOKEY, L.	Lucy	Chewing gum	Rare	Nothing doing	To teach school
MALLARD, M.	Boy-Boy	Studying in class	Peculiar	Good	To grow eyebrows
MARKERT, H.	Whiskers	Getting time	Handsome	Oh! Sugar!	To be serious
MEDLOCK, R.	Med	Loafing	Superfine	Well?	To finish the annual
MILLER, H.	English	Playing in Lab.	Crushing	Yes	To blow up the A. R. C.
McGAHEE, O.	Jeff	Swinging with her	Not much	Oh! Grand!	To be a Socialist

(Continued on Next Page)

A THING OR TWO ABOUT THE SENIOR CLASS—Continued

Name	*Nickname*	*Favorite Sport*	*Description*	*Opinion of Other Sex*	*Highest Ambition*
NACHMAN, M.	Mutt	Raising sand	Wonderful	Nobody home	To be a Venus
NORTH, H.	Chappie	Sleeping	Cloudy	Fair	To quit the girls
OETJEN, L.	"Doc"	Pulling bones	Gorgeous	Exquisite	To be handsome
OWENS, A.	Spaghetti	Eating apples	Beautiful	Oh, no!	To have more
OWENS, M.	"Bo-Bo"	Fighting	Graceful	All look good	To blow a bugle
PARKS, R.	Professor	Smoking	Stumpy	Simply great	To part his hair
PHILPOT, B.	Philpo	Posing for a mirror	Roses	Has none	To do nothing
REESE, L.	Stoney	Railroading	Missing	Of course	To shimmy a barn dance
SHERMAN, J.	Polo Griffo	Cussing	Porcupine	Just a fat one	To go to Athens
TANENBAUM, P.	Pinkey	Lady-killing	Pretty	More the merrier	To argue with Jelly
TROWBRIDGE, K.	Pete's	Studying	Nevermind	Lovely	To sit down
TUFTS, F.	Love	Sleuthing	Tough	He's in love	To love her
WATKINS, R.	General	Worrying Mr. Kennedy	Cute	Hates them	To be a ball player
WYLY, H.	Uncle Harry	Taking a bath	Feet	Oh, boy!	To get a haircut
YOUNGBLOOD, C.	Kat	Being bad	So sweet	It will pass	To be a preacher



By Barney Dunbar
Thanks to "Bake"

Junior



Junior Class

OFFICERS

MERRY, GUY ..... President
LAW, WILLIAM ..... Vice-President
WEIGLE, GARDINER ..... Secretary
WHITNEY, MCRAGNE ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Athanason, N. A.
Bowen, Horace
Brittingham, Geo.
Carr, Graham
Clark, G. Miller
Clary, T. Adrian
Conley, Hugh
Dasher, Nesbit E.
Davis, Jas. S.
Dicks, Edward
Fourcher, Harry
Gardiner, Sears
Gillman, Charlie
Halford, Eugene
Hankinson, Hanford
Harrison, Dunbar
Hensley, Earnest
Hubert, Clin
Jarrell, Hampton
Jennings, Thomas
Jones, Bailey
Legwen, Glenn
Lynch, Walter
Magruder, Milton
Marschalk, Fred
Miller, Joe A.
Mitchell, Ralph
Morris, Lamar
Morris, Harry
McNeill, James
Newman, Harry
Norvell, William
Radford, Stanley
Saggus, Oliver
Thompson, Wesley
Verdery, Charles
Walton, William
Wright, Harold
Young, Cogdell

While Mr. Skinner Sleeps

'Tis midnight and the moon is hid
  Behind the heavy, stormy clouds;
A cold wind blows, the windows shake;
  A dank, drear mist the world enshrouds.
Lo! Softly stealing up the stairs
  With stealthy, silent, creeping tread,
A noiseless shape slips swiftly by:
  A shadow like the ghostly dead.

He moves along the dim-lit hall,
  Two doors are passed in safe advance.
And when the third at length is reached
  The night-hawk seems to see his chance.
He turns the knob, a gentle push,
  And noiselessly the door swings wide;
With furtive glance on either hand,
  He swiftly, softly steps inside.

Then silently with muscles tense,
  He quickly strides across the floor,
Deft fingers start that old-time task
  They have so often done before.
The Dormitory lies asleep,
  The breath of life seems to have fled,
And thankful for his lucky "lark,"
  The mid-night reveler goes to bed.

—Hampton Jarrell, '22.


INTERMEDIATE



Intermediate Class

OFFICERS

Kilpatrick, Charles ..... President
Johnson, Saynor ..... Vice-President
Kilpatrick, A. J. ..... Secretary
Sherlock, Cecil ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Adams, Oscar
Anderson, Robert
Anderson, Wilbur
Ashendorf, Moses
Barnes, Tracy
Beall, Louis
Beckum, Thomas
Benson, Berry
Bierman, William
Bland, Walter
Bleakley, Arthur
Binns, Loyd
Boatwright, Gray
Boyd, Lamar
Brigham, John
Bush, Fred
Butler, Bennie
Cadle, Fred
Carswell, Winburn
Cashin, Harry
Cohen, Adrian
Craig, Henry
Cumming, Henry
Deas, William
Duggan, James
Dunbar, Francis
Eakes, Tillman
Eames, Edgar
Emigh, James
Emigh, Harry
Ergle, Ramsey
Eubanks, Haskell
Fair, Warren
Fazio, Patsy
Fennell, Sam
Ferguson, Harry
Fluker, Robert
Flythe, Starkey
Frank, Alex
Geffert, Roy
Goodwin, Thomas
Gray, Thomas
Hagler, Edward
Hardman, Rushton
Harley, Rhett
Heath, Palmer
Hendee, Malcolm
Hill, Edgerton
Hillis, Jacob
Hogrefe, Carl
Howell, Willard
Inman, Henry
Jamison, Robert
Johnson, Nelson
Jordon, Howard
Kershaw, John
Kershaw, Theodore
Kinard, Verdery
Leitner, George
Lueky, Curtis
Mertins, Fred
Miller, Dessie
Mitchell, Roy
Moss, Rufus
Murrah, Edward
McDaniel, Marion
McDaniel, Overton
Nixon, Gwinn
Papageorge, Geo.
Park, Clarence
Patterson, H.
Perkins, Henry
Porter, Lawrence
Prather, Willie
Quinn, Allie
Samuel, Janette
Simkins, Leroy
Speering, Harry
Steiner, Pinckney
Thomas, Leo
Thomas, Floyd
Van Pelt, Johnnie
Williams, Emil

Moonlight

The moon came out, the stars did shine.
The night was warm and clear.
I sat with her beneath the trees,
And she was very near.

The nightingales their songs did sing;
We heard the whispering breeze;
Her head upon my shoulder lay,
She sat upon my knees.

She softly purred into my ear,
And gently snuggled "clos't";
Of all the things that I hold dear,
I love my cat the most.

—Hampton Jarrell, '22.


Soph's
"SKEET"
Johnson



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

Walker, John ..... President
Merry, Ernest ..... Vice-President
Hatch, Ernest ..... Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Andrews, Frank
Babbitt, Earl
Barkin, Herbert
Barksdale, J. C.
Barton, Hazel
Bazemore, Malcolm
Beasley, Allen
Beasley, Joe
Bishop, Clair
Boland, Glover
Booker, Ralph
Boswell, Luther
Brawner, Jones
Brewer, John
Brigham, Charles
Burton, Julian
Burton, Franklin
Cabaniss, William
Camp, Charles
Cannon, Leland
Chambers, Richard
Chancey, Gerald
Cheatham, Jack
Chew, Benjamin
Churchill, Charles
Cook, Nelson
Cook, William
Cooper, LeConte
Cunningham, Andrew
Dunaway, Henry
Dunaway, James
Elliott, Sidney
Ergle, Albert
Ewing, Fred
Farrar, Millard
Faust, Edwin
Geffert, Randolph
Gibson, Will
Gillman, Theodore
Goodrich, Charles
Greeson, Lester
Griswold, Clyde
Hair, Harold
Hamilton, Jasper
Hankinson, James
Hardwick, Warren
Harmon, Martin
Harper, Leland
Harris, Thomas
Harman, J. M.
Haskell, Alex
Hiers, Benjamin
Hightower, Fred
Hill, Fred
Hinson, Dunbar
Hinton, Roy
Humphrey, Alfred
Humphrey, Willie
Jones, Marion
Kelly, Jerry
King, Pierce
Kuhlke, Casper
Kuhlke, Edmond
Logan, Arnold
Lucky, Wylton
Markert, Philip
Matthews, Eugene
Merry, Bradford
Metts, James
Mobley, James
Morgan, Morton
Murphey, Paul
Palmer, Basil
Patterson, E.
Patton, Ward
Powell, Willie
Rainwater, Julian
Reeves, Harry
Reid, Estes
Russo, James
Sack, Adolph
Savitz, Edward
Scott, James
Sehler, Eugene
Shedd, William
Skinner, Charles
Smith, Alex
Smith, Ben
Smith, Frank
Steed ,Glyn
Stelling, Henry
Story, Earl
Story, Louis
Tant, Irvin
Thomas, Robert
Todd, Albert
Trowbridge, Clarence
Wall, Foster
Watkins, Raiford
White, Perry
Wilk, Karl
Williams, Mac
Wichenback, Everon
Wren, Hubert

The Silent Lovers

AS they sat there on the cold stone bench, in the Venetian garden, the moon had risen over the silver-tinted waters of the lake, casting grotesque shadows about the rose-lined paths that were born of beauty and romance. There was a fragrant odor of spring in the gentle zephyrs, and the leaves were softly whispering.

The gossamer veil, fallen from her shoulders, revealed the delicately curved arms and throat enhanced by the ghostly white glow of the moon. He held her hand in his and dared to place an arm around her supple waist. His face was turned in worshipful supplication to hers, and she demurely hung her head.

The music from the white mansion at the waters edge had long since died away with one langorous waltz, borne to their unhearing ears by a light southern breeze, and the lights in the windows blinked out one by one. Still they sat oblivious of all, yet his arm did not venture farther, his hand did not increase its pressure upon hers, his lips did not entreat a single kiss. The moon waned till it was a dim ball struggling against the increasing redness of the rising sun. The night gave way to dawn.

They spoke no word. Their hearts were of stone; the sculptor had made a masterpiece when he carved "The Lovers."

—Kenneth R. Fourcher, '21.


FRESHMAN
Ye Freshmen
To A.D.
J. McNeill


ACADEMY OF RICHMOND COUNTY

freshman class

officers

hagler, tom ..... president
cumming, edward ..... vice-president
walker, willie ..... secretary
probyn, edgar ..... treasurer

members

adams, fred
arnold, william
atkinson, palmer
bain, albert
beall, jackson
bell, frank
bostick, bob
bowen, dudley
brigham, eugene
brodie, james
brown, willie
buchanan, robert
byrd, oliver
cabaniss, henry
carroll, john
carson, russell
carswell, e. h.
carswell, robert
cason, webster
chandler, jack
chavel, leonard
chong, harry
clary, edgar
coffsky, irvin
connell, troy
conner, charles
crawford, wingfield
crouch, lester
daniel, carl
dansby, clifton
dantzler, lawrence
derrick, john
doughty, william
dunbar, charles
cunigh, eugene
fender, albert
fender, harold
finney, tom
flinn, harold
flint, judson
flint, ollie
furman, carroll
gardner, ben
garwood, john
gibson, jack
gillman, william
gleason, ambrose
gleason, caldwell
gleason, j. i.
gordon, theodore
greene, cecil
griffin, charles
griffin, frank
grossman, joseph
hamilton, tom
hammond, francis
hankinson, joh
hankinson, wilfred
harden, william
harmon, w.
heath, milton
herman, w. a.
hill, richard
hogan, james
hollingsworth, virgil
hook, john
howard, james
hudson, leonard
hurt, arthur
hutchinson, b.
james, otis
jones, clifford
hearsey, alonzo
lamar, reginald
lee, robert
legmen, william
levy, sam
lokey, warren
magruder, george
manatis, victor
marks, guy
marschalk, edward
marshall, lewis
maul, george
mauney, luther
miller, thomas
mobley, john
moody, john
moog, sam
morris, henry
mulberin, edward
mullins, rufus
mulierie, james
murphey, lee
mcerary, leo
mcelmurray, warren
mcelmurray, richard
mcelmurray, robert
mcleod ,malcolm
newman, roscoe
nixon, francis
o'connor, john
ogilvie, david
ottinger, william
patton, fred
powell, francis
pomerance, philip
preacher, loyd
pund, henry
ray, a. r.
reid, louis
richards, herbert
richardson, nevitt
robinson, harry
ruben, solomon
sandford, jordan
sawyer, philip
schneider, henry
sehler, c. j.
shea, ralph
sheehan, edward
sherman, jones
simowitz, bernard
skinner, j. p.
smith, robert
smith, h. w.
smith, morgan
smith, wiley
snaveley, beryl
speth, edwin
stallings, theodore
steves, luther
stone, l. v.
street, j. f.
stringer, marion
sturman, elliott
thomas, julian
thornton, j. m.
tobin, lyon
turner ,ralph
vaughn, marcus
verdery, albert
walker, warren
walters, harold
ward, thomas
watson, henry
white, hampton
whitlaw, joseph
wise, clifford
woodward, eugene
wren, curtis
younghlood, herbert



MAJOR E. C. B. DANFORTH, JR.
Commandant of Cadets
Formerly Major in the 82nd Division U. S. Army



MILITARY

The Military Department

By Hervey M. Cleckley

THE Military Department of the Academy of Richmond County was first organized in 1882 under the command of Capt. J. O. Clark. At the time time of organization it consisted of only one company. From this modest beginning has grown our well-equiped, well-drilled Battalion of today.

As the enrollment of the school increased it became necessary to form two companies; later three and finally the present Battalion of four companies.

In 1915 a new and very valuable feature was added to the Military Department by the organizing of a Cadet Band. The Band has kept pace with the rest of the Battalion and today is a useful and efficient unit. The Band deserves especial credit, as it has never received any professional instruction and its membership has always been limited to bona fide students.

A new military feature at the Academy has been the introduction of extended order drill by Maj. Danforth during the past two years. A daily drill of about forty minutes is held in which close order drill, the manual of arms, firing commands and extended order are practised. The big military events of the year are the two prize drills, held annually in May. The first of these, the Individual Prize Drill, is held on the Campus; each Captain selects the ten best drilled men from his company. This squad is then drilled in the manual of arms and firing commands until by a process of elimination, cadets being thrown out on making three mistakes, the ten best drilled men in the Battalion are determined.

The drilling is then continued until only the best drilled cadet remains. The winner of the Individual Drill receives the Levy Medal. Soon after the Individual Drill the Company Prize Drill takes place at Warren Park; each company drills for about twelve minutes, dividing the time among close order, extended order, the manual of arms and firing commands.

The judges of these drills are officers in the National Guard and other men of military experience. After each company has drilled the judges compare notes and decide on the best drilled company. Based on its showing in both the Individual Drill and the Company Drill, the best Company of the year is selected and its Captain presented with the Preparedness Cup.

Another important feature of the year from a military standpoint is the Memorial Day Parade, in which the Richmond Academy Battalion joins with the various other organizations of the city to pay homage to our Confederate dead, and to do honor to those Civil War heroes that are still among us.

It has usually been the practice each spring for the officers and non-commissioned officers to go out to one of the rifle ranges formerly used by Camp Hancock and have target practice. Considering the lack of regular practice, some very creditable scores have been made.

The Battalion now has three uniforms: a dress uniform, consisting of blue coat and cap with white trousers, which is worn on all formal occasions; a fatigue uniform, made up of the blue coat and cap with grey woolen trousers, which is worn daily throughout most of the year; and a summer uniform, composed of the grey woolen trousers and the blue cap with a blue shirt of very light material, which is worn during the warmer months of the school term.



MAJOR DANFORTH AND STAFF

STAFF: Adjutant ..... A. M. Whitney
Color Sergeants ..... Jennins, T., Chance, F.
Supply Sergeant ..... Adams, J. M.
Bugler ..... Owens, R. M.

During the last two years platoon competitive drills have been held off and on. This year the 1st Platoon, Company A, under Lt. G. Merry, achieved the distinction of winning both the competitions among the first platoons. The 2nd Platoon, of the same company, under Lt. B. Philpot, won the first contest between 2nd platoons. The second competitive drill between second platoons was won by the second platoon of Co. B, under Lt. A. Kilpatrick, Later in a drill to determine the best platoon, either 1st or 2nd, in the entire Battalion, Lt. Kilpatrick's platoon was judged superior to all others and was sent to represent the Academy in an exhibition drill at the Tubman High School.

Today the military organization presents quite a contrast to the one lone Company of 1882. We now have Maj. Danforth and his staff, four companies of ten squads each under cadet officers, and a well-equipped band. Instead of the antiquated muskets that we formerly used we now have modern Krag Carbines. Competitive drills are frequently held, serving as a stimulus to the cadet officers. Once a year a trip to the rifle range is taken. Now we have not only close order drill, but we also learn something of the principles of combat in extended order. All things considered our Military Department has progressed wonderfully and is keeping pace with an ever growing, constantly improving Richmond Academy.

Commissioned Officers

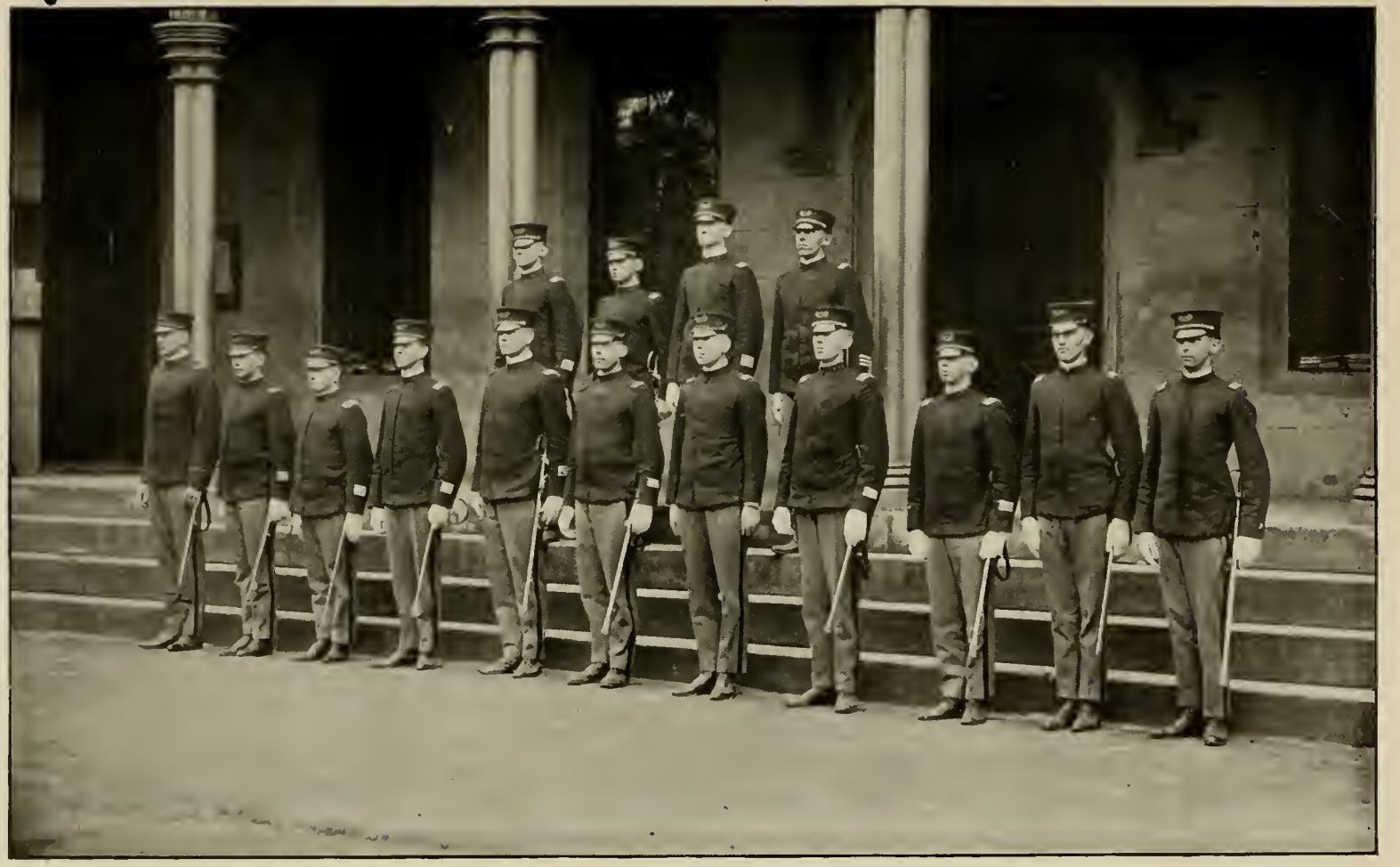
Major E. C. B. Danforth, Jr.

Captain H. M. North, Jr., Co. A
Captain C .E. Heath, Co. C.
Captain J. C. Sherman, Co. B
Captain H. M. Cleckley, Co. D

First Lieutenant H. E. Fourcher, Band

First Lieutenant M. A. Whitney, Adjutant
First Lieutenant G. H. Merry, Co. A
First Lieutenant C. L. Morris, Co. B
First Lieutenant R. L. M. Parks, Co. C
First Lieutenant L. H. Oetjen, Co. D

Second Lieutenant W. K. Philpot, Co. A
Second Lieutenant A. J. Kilpatrick, Co. B
Second Lieutenant L. L. Lokey, Co. C
Second Lieutenant M. Clark, Co. D





Henry M. North, Jr.
Captain



Miss Caroline Brown
Sponsor

Company "A"

CAPTAIN HENRY MARTYN NORTH, JR., *Company Commander*

Merry, G., *First Lieut.* Philpot, B., *Second Lieut.*

Miller, H., *First Sergt.*

SERGEANTS

Weigle, G.
Conley, H.
Wright, H.
Fourcher, K.

CORPORALS

Morris, H.
Legwen, G.
Walker, J.
Murrah, W.
Eakes, T.
Kinard, V.
Beasley, J.
Goodrich, C.
Savitz, E.
Merry, B.

PRIVATES

Atkins,
Bain, A.
Barkin, H.
Beasley, A.
Boland,
Bowen, D. H.
Brigham, C.
Burton, J.
Butler,
Byrd,
Cabiness, W.
Cabiness, H.
Cadle, F.
Cannon, L.
Carswell, E. H.
Chandler,
Chew, B.
Cook, N.
Dantzler,
Davis,
Derrick,
Dugen,
Elliott, S.
Fair,
Finney,
Gillman, T.
Flythe
Goodwin, T.
Grossman,
Hardman,
Hiers,
Hill, R.
Hubert,
Kersey, A.
Kuhlke, C.
Lee,
Levy, S.
Lucky, J. C.
Miller, T.
Mobley,
Moog,
Mullins,
McElmurray, J. W.
McDaniel, M.
Norvel, W.
Ottenger,
Powell, O.
Pund, H.
Reid, E.
Richardson, W. S.
Sandford, J.
Sheehan,
Sherman, J. T.
Smith, A.
Smith, F.
Speth,
Stringer,
Thomas, L.
White, P.
Williams, M.
Woodward,
Wren, H.





JIM C. SHERMAN
Captain



MISS MILDRED WALTON
Sponsor

Company "B"

CAPTAIN JIM CHAPMAN SHERMAN, *Company Commander*

MORRIS, C. L., *First Lieut.* KILPATRICK, J., *Second Lieut.*

MCGAHEE, O. O., *First Sergt.*

SERGEANTS

Trowbridge, K.
Gardner, S.
Thomas, F.
Sherlock, C.

CORPORALS

Caldwell, J.
Boatwright, G.
Hatch, E.
Hankinson, W.
Merry, E.
Fazio, P.
Benson, B.
Anderson, R.
Fennell, S.
Adams, F.

PRIVATES

Athanason ,
Andrews,
Arnold,
Barnes,
Boswell,
Brewer, J.
Brigham, E.
Brigham, J.
Buchanon,
Burton, F.
Carr,
Carswell, W. R.
Chong,
Clary, A.
Clary, E.
Cohen, A.
Cook, W.
Crouch,
Dansby,
Doughty,
Dunaway, H.
Ergle, A.
Ewing, F.
Fender, A.
Florence,
Gardner, B.
Gibson, J. W.
Gleason, A.
Gleason, C.
Gleason, J.
Greason, C. L.
Gordon,
Griffin, C.
Hamilton, L.
Harden,
Hillis,
Hogan,
Hudson,
Humphrey, L.
Hutchingson,
James, O.
Jones, M.
Kuhlke, E.
Manatis,
Mertins, F.
Mobley, J. B.
Morris, W. H.
Murphy, L. R.
O'Connor, J.
O'Quinn,
Palmer,
Perkins, H. R.
Powell, F.
Richards, H.
Robinson, H.
Saggus,
Shea, R.
Skinner, C. J.
Smith, R.
Steiner,
Stellings,
Stone, J.
Story E.
Story, L. V.
Thomas, J. C.
Trowbridge, C.
Walker, W.
Wise,





C. Elliot Heath
Captain



Miss Katherine Card
Sponsor

Company "C"

CAPTAIN C. ELLIOT HEATH, *Company Commander*

Parks, R., *First Lieut.* Lokey, L., *Second Lieut.*

Reese, L., *First Sergt.*

SERGEANTS

Fulghum, W.
Halford, E.
Lynch, W.
Gepfert, Roy

CORPORALS

Verdery, C.
Papageorge, G.
Dicks, E.
Miller, D.
Cashin, H.
Adams, O.
Bland, W.
Gray, T.
Craig, H.
Kelly, J.

PRIVATES

Barton, H.
Beall, J.
Binns, L.
Booker,
Bostick, R.
Bush, F.
Camp, C.
Carson,
Cason,
Cheval,
Churchill,
Crawford,
Daniel,
Dunbar, F.
Emigh, E.
Farrar,
Ferguson,
Flinn, T.
Flint, O.
Frank,
Furman,
Green, C.
Gillman, W.
Griswell,
Hagler, T.
Hamilton, J.
Harmon, F.
Harkinson, J.
Harris, T.
Haskell,
Hill,
Henson, D.
Hollingsworth,
Hook, J.
Howard, J.
Howell, W.
Hurt, W.
Jones, C.
Lamar, R.
Leitner, G.
Matthews, E.
Hair,
Hardwick, W.
Mells,
Moody,
McElmurray, R. A.
Pomerance,
Probyn, E.
Shed, W.
Simowitz,
Smith, W.
Snavely,
Stallings,
Steed,
Sturman, E.
Tant, I.
Thomas, R.
Turner, R.
Vaughn, N.
Walker, W. E.
Walters, H.
Ward, P.
Watson, H.
Whitlaw, T.





Hervey M. Cleckley
Captain



Miss Katherine Danforth
Sponsor

Company "D"

CAPTAIN HERVEY M. CLECKLEY, *Company Commander*

Oetjen, L., *First Lieut.* Clark, M., *Second Lieut.*

Radford, S., *First Sergt.*

SERGEANTS

Law, W.
Mallard, M.
Hogrefe, C.
Kilpatrick, C.

CORPORALS

Hagler, E.
Mitchell, R.
Wall, B.
Emigh, B.
Thompson, W.
Heath, P.
Nixon, G.
Bleakley, A.
Cheatham, J.
Dasher, N.

PRIVATES

Andrews, F.
Babbitt, E.
Bishop, C.
Brittingham,
Brodie,
Carroll, J.
Carswell, R. E.
Chaney,
Coffsky,
Connell, T. W.
Connor, C. W.
Cumming, E.
Cumming, H.
Cunningham,
Deas,
Dunaway, J.
Dunbar, C.
Eames,
Eubanks, H.
Faust,
Flint, J.
Fluker,
Garwood,
Gibson, W. H.
Hankinson, H. R.
Harrison, D.
Hendee, M.
Hill, F.
Humphrey, W.
Inman, H.
Logwin, W.
Lokey, W.
Merkert, P.
Marschalk, H.
Marshall, L.
Maul,
Mauney,
Mitchell, R. H.
Murphy, P.
McCrary,
McElmurray, R.
McDaniel, E.
McLead,
Newman, R.
Park, C.
Patton, W. C.
Prather, W.
Rainwater, J.
Reeves,
Reid, L. A.
Russo,
Sack, A.
Samuels, J.
Schneider,
Scott,
Sebler, E.
Smith, B.
Smith, W. M.
Speering,
Steeves,
Tessier,
Todd,
Verdery, A.
Walton, W.
Williams, R. E.





Lieut. Harry Fourcher

Band

LIEUTENANT HARRY FOURCHER, *Band Commander*

Young, C., *Band Sergt.* Jones, B., *Drum Major*

CORPORALS

Van Pelt, J. Eargle, R.

MUSICIANS

Bazemore, M.
Beckum,
Heath, M.
Kershaw, J.
Kershaw, T.
Marschalk, F.
McNeil, J.
Newman, H.
Patton, F.
Porter T. E.
Preacher,
Shimoff,
Simpkins,
Winchenback,





2nd PLATOON, COMPANY B—OPEN RANKS

LIEUT. A. J. KILPATRICK, *Commander*

This platoon was adjudged the best-drilled one in the Battalion, and was sent to drill in an exhibition at the Tubman High School Auditorium.

HI-Y



Preston Holland
'21.

The "Hi-Y" Club

THIS is a time of wonderful progress in all lines of thought and activity. The minds of men have been devoted, as never before, to other interests than their own business. They have given freely of their talents and labors to the ideals, thoughts, accomplishments and welfare of the boy.

Various organizations have been created. Ranking with the greatest of these is the "Hi-Y" Club.

The Academy "Hi-Y" Club is an organization composed of the upperclassmen of the school who stand for clean speech, clean spirit, and clean living. The club was organized in the early part of the fall session of the school year. The idea was introduced by Prof. W. S. Nicholson, head of the History Department. Formerly of Augusta, he came to us from the Tech High School of Atlanta and has proven himself a very valuable asset to the school and to the student body, being known to them as "The Boy's Friend." The Academy club started with an enormous membership ranking ahead of any in the state. At the first meeting it elected as its President Henry M. North, Jr.; Vice-President, Jim C. Sherman; Secretary, Guy H. Merry, and Treasurer, Eugene M. Baker. These men were elected unanimously by the members on account of their excellent standing and the principles for which they are noted in the school.

Immediately after the election of officers, the club was divided into five groups with Henry M. North, Jr., Jim C. Sherman, Hervey M. Cleckley, Billie Philpot, and William L. Fulghum as leaders.

These groups play basket-ball, base-ball and various other games, but more important than all is the Bible class. Each group is instructed in the study of the Bible by an Academy Teacher assigned to the groups by the President of the club.

The club meets every Friday evening at 6 o'clock and after games between the groups, supper is served. The guest is some notable and influential business or professional man, who comes prepared after the supper to speak to the club and give it an idea of his work and the ways in which a success in life can be made. The club makes it a point to invite men whose occupations are along different lines, so that the club members may have the advantage of making themselves familiar with almost any profession or line of work in which they are interested. After the lecture the club divides itself into its respective groups for Bible study, after which it adjourns until its next meeting.

Aside from the Friday evening meetings, the club holds Sunday afternoon meetings, and invites the boys from every grammar school to be present. They are entertained in various ways: lectures, moving pictures, addresses, etc. These meetings are held and conducted by the members of the "Hi-Y" Club and are quite successful, as the number present increases at every meeting.

As you see, the activities of the "Hi-Y" Club are great and extensive, but probably its most valuable feature is the Older Boys' Conference. This year the conference was held in Athens, Ga., Feb. 25-27th, composed of boys from all over North Georgia. The Richmond "Hi-Y" sent to this delegation twenty-two of its representative members, accompanied by the founder, Mr. W. S. Nicholson, and the local Y. M. C. A. Boys' Work Secretary, Mr. Arthur H. Richter.



Seated: H. M. NORTH, JR., *President*
Standing, left to right: JIM C. SHERMAN, *Vice-President*; E. M. BAKER, *Treasurer*; GUY H. MERRY, *Secretary*.

The delegates attended this conference in order, not only that they might be made more determined in their ideals, but that they might also bring this spirit back to their fellow students.

This conference has the prospects of being one of the most potent forces for good among high school boys that has ever taken place in a state for a long time. The men who were brought there are among the most prominent workers with boys in the country. They are men who have had long experience in dealing with the problems of high school and prep school boys, and further than that they were gifted with the power to present the lessons of that experience in forceful inspiring speech. Two of the leaders of this conference are English-born, both having come to this country, however, while they were very young. These men were Tom Johnson, State Secretary of Georgia, and Dr. W. A. Lee, State Educational Supervisor, War Work Council.

Two of the members were overseas during the war: Albert E. Roberts, who is executive secretary of county work in the international Y. M. C. A., and H. E. Montague, state boys' secretary Y. M. C. A., who spent twenty-seven months with the French and British Armies.

One of the speakers was Dr. W. A. Ganfield, president of Centre College, Danville, Ky., an institution well-known all over the nation as that which gave to the sporting world the wonderful praying football team which thrilled the entire country by its plucky fight against Harvard last fall. Dr. Ganfield is widely known as an educator, and has had extensive experience in boys' conference work. He is a very forceful and eloquent speaker and a member of the executive committee of the state Y. M. C. A. of Kentucky.

Every speaker was thoughtful and forceful and endeavored to develop the Christian citizenship training program at the conference.

The people of Athens will ever be remembered for their interest and their cordiality shown the delegations from all over North Georgia. They gave them the key to the town, and saw to it that they were delightfully entertained.

At the beginning of this delegation, the confenrence was formed and boys were elected by the delegation as a whole to fill the positions necessary. Jake Butler of the Athens "Hi-Y" was elected president; Henry M. North, Jr., of the Richmond Academy "Hi-Y" was elected first vice-president; Howard M. Moss of the Atlanta "Hi-Y" was elected second vice-president, and J. Marion Adams of the Richmond Academy "Hi-Y" was elected secretary. The Richmond Academy delegates were highly honored; two of their boys were elected as officers of the entire conference.

The good derived from this conference was great and questions which arose from the meetings will make themselves heard of in the near future. Every boy left there with the full determination in mind to try to put his ideals on a higher scale, and to try to help someone else to do likewise. It is believed that everyone caught the spirit of the conference, and that they returned home instilled with the desire to serve, for it is only through service that we come to enjoy the richness and fulness of life.

It is hoped in the years to come that the same spirit that now prevails will ever prevail, and that there will always be a club, or some other organization that will seek to elevate standards of boys and that will ever present to them clear, high ideals. The world is in crying need of big, strong, fearless, Christian men. This sounds commonplace and trite. The great need has prompted its expression so often because it is true. No man has reached the stature of real spiritual greatness without having first found out it is better to serve someone else than it is to serve himself.

A clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for all, a readiness to give and receive advice and instructions, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the sacred science depicts—these are the golden stairs up which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.

I hope that in this paper the teachings and fundamental things of the "Hi-Y" Club have been made clear, and that this organization will ever be an important factor in the training program of the Richmond Academy.

—William L. Fulghum, '21.



CLASS EVENTS.

Preston Holland
'21.

Minutes of Class of 1921

By Hervey M. Cleckley, *Secretary*

THE opening of the School Term of 1920-21 found thirty-four seniors on roll. The Class was formally organized October 16th, when the first meeting was held and the following officers elected: President, Jim C. Sherman; Vice-President, H. M. North; Secretary, H. M. Cleckley, and Treasurer, C. C. Fargo. A committee was appointed by President Sherman consisting of himself, H. M. North and H. M. Cleckley, to select the design of the class rings and pins to be purchased. These pins arrived in March and are now being worn by the seniors and various other people about town.

The next meeting was called November 15th, and was for the purpose of deciding whether the class would or would not publish an annual. It was unanimously decided that an annual be published and the following men were elected by the class as a Publication Staff: Editor-in-Chief, H. M. North; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Jim C. Sherman; Business Manager, R. M. Medlock; Asst. Business Manager, Guy Merry; Treasurer, C. C. Fargo; Literary Editor, J. Marion Adams; Art Editor, B. Dunbar; Asst. Art Editors, J. McNeill, H. Jordan and G. Johnson; Athletic Editor, C. E. Heath; Military Editor, H. M. Cleckley; "Hi-Y" Editor, W. L. Fulghum; Joke Editors, Francis Chance and R. L. M. Parks.

The third meeting was held April 11th for the purpose of deciding to whom "The ARC" would be dedicated. Altho much wrangling ensued, nothing definite was decided and the question of dedication had to be postponed.

The last meeting took place April 12th, in which the matter of giving a script dance in honor of the Georgia Tech Glee Club was discussed. It was decided that such a dance be given, and a committee consisting of F. S. Chance, C. E. Heath, W. K. Philpot and H. M. North, was appointed by President Sherman to look after the matter. It this meeting it was also decided that we should have Class Day exercises. May 10th was set aside for this purpose, and the President appointed the following Class Day officers: Historian, W. L. Fulghum; Poet, J. Marion Adams; Prophet, H. F. Miller; Orator, C. R. Youngblood; Last Will and Testament, E. M. Baker; Minutes, H. M. Cleckley.

This brings us up to the present, and with thirty-two on roll, all praying for diplomas, we hopefully face the future.

Last Will and Testament

By Eugene M. Baker

County of Richmond,
State of Georgia:

In the name of God—Amen.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one.

We, the Senior Class of the Academy of Richmond County, in the aforesaid County and State, being of absolutely sane mind and memory, and realizing, as we do, that our days at this glorious institution are speedily coming to a close, that our mental anguishes and physical trials will soon be changed to pleasant memories of the past, do hereby declare the following to be our last will and testament.

In looking over the many names in our school, searching diligently for men capable of undertaking an office of great magnitude and responsibility, we have, after considerable pains, chosen as executors of this will, two men that seem to us the least susceptible to crookery, the Hon. C. G. Cordle, and J. B. Lockhart, Esq.

Item 1. We hereby bequeath to our beloved principal, Major Phineas Butler, one copy of "The Effects of Working Until Four A. M.," by Walter Gordon Fargo, B.S. Along with this we bequeath a package of Home Run Cigarettes, to be smoked during leisure hours.

Item 2. To Olin Conway Skinner, we leave one case of Mellen's Food, with an unbreakable baby bottle, to insure his good health.

Item 3. To "Empty" Bryson, we hereby give one volume on General Farming, by Herman Markert.

Item 4. To Jimmie L. Skinner, we give a brand new porcelain lined cuspidor to be placed in his classroom. In addition to this, we feel that all the corners in his room should be whitewashed to insure the use of the said article.

Item 5. To Robert Hall CROOK, we leave a new SURNAME that will relieve him from all suspicion as to the remarkable disappearance of chalk from the premises of the Richmond Academy.

Item 6. We hereby bequeath to Charlie Guy Cordle an automatic test paper grader, made so as to flunk 98% of all papers passed through it.

Item 7. To little Bobbie Sherman, we do devise and bequeath a small box of Hollingsworth's assorted stick candy.

Item 8. To Mr. J. B. Lockhart we leave one green and yellow "jazz-bow" necktie.

Item 9. With the due appreciation for his untiring efforts as a basketball coach, we hereby set aside 37 cents to purchase for "Pop" Blanchard one tin basketball to be worn on his watch chain.

Item 10. To "Gullible" Mitchell we leave a copy of "How to Manage Freshmen," by Geo. P. Holland.

Item 11. To "Shortie" McDonald the class leaves one new shirt to replace the one ruined by a falling bucket of water in the dormitory, said shirt to be of sky blue variety with white buttons, such as those recently purchased for the U. S. mail carriers, and for the cadets of the A. R. C.

Item 12. To "Big Nick," the noted politician, we bequeath a large sized knife, fork, and pusher, to be used at the "Hi-Y" suppers, with special instructions to Mr. Bryson to see that he does not overeat.

Item 13. The class takes great pride in leaving to Mr. Bill Kennedy a text on "An Economical and Businesslike Way of Sweeping," by our faithful janitor, Prince Albert.

Item 14. To Mr. John Evans Eubanks we leave a parachute for descending from his classroom on the top floor of the dormitory.

Item 15. To Mr. Taylor we will Madame Fourcher's fantastic ideas and his effeminate ways.

Item 16. To our long-legged Commandant, Major E. C. B. Danforth, Jr., we leave Mr. Kennedy's "Modern Flyer" bicycle, 1794 model.

Item 17. To hard-boiled "Icabod" Kane we leave one copy of the latest edition of "Covering a Three Year Spanish Course in Two Weeks," by O. O. McGahee.

Item 18. To our poor mistreated Professor, Mr. Chester Antonious Scruggs, we bequeath a barrel of soothing syrup to quiet his strained and overworked nerves.

Realizing that we are approaching the end of our toilsome career at this historic institution, and that the Junior Class will soon take our place in the classroom, and upon the athletic field, we, the Senior Class, feel that our personal belongings and peculiarities should

rightfully be left to our young successors, the class of 1922. Upon the condition, however, that they in turn, when their hours of torment draw to a close, shall in the same manner mete out their bountiful possessions to the future class, that to-day sit before us as a mob of childish schoolboys. Accordingly:

To Guy H. Merry, we bequeath the "honored" uniform worn for five long years by G. Preston Holland.

To one Master William F. Law, Jr., we leave Hervey Cleckley's hard acquired art of intensive love making.

To George Brittingham, we bestow the ability to talk a lot, but say nothing, the said ability being held at present by Billie Philpot and Samuel Moog.

To Lamar Morris, we bequeath Leroy Oetjen's magnificent brain power, his far reaching intellect, and his renowned judgment.

To Charles Gillman, we do bequeath Marion Adams' political bull, which we believe will help him considerably in overthrowing the present absolute tyranny exercised by the faculty.

To Charles, alias "Shot," Verdery, we leave "Mutt" Nachman's overwhelming beauty.

To John Kilpatrick, we leave five more years of schooling, left by Barney Dunbar.

To "Big" Hankinson, we leave a book of Bolshevik and radical ideas, by Charles Fargo.

Jim Sherman leaves his cards, dice, poker chips, stimulants, and anything else, except his girl in Washington, Ga., to Moragne Whitney.

To Tom Jennings we leave Willie Fulghum's writing ability (both dramatic and poetic).

To "Child" Harold Wright, we do devise and bequeath a Djer-kiss powder puff, two ounces of carmine rouge, and a cake of violet soap, the above articles being presented to Mr. Wright through the Senior Class, by the Sub-Freshman Class of Tubman High School.

To Harry Fourcher we leave a box of Red Star Lye, one metallic scraper and a bar of partially used octagon soap, the said articles being willed by Harry Wiley.

Meade Owens leaves his highly prized bugle to Bailey Jones, with the expressed hope that he will learn to blow the instrument himself, instead of having a substitute, as in the case of Mr. Owens.

The Senior Class as a whole doth devise and bequeath, the Mascot of our class, Walter Fargo, to the future seniors. We sincerely hope that he may be passed on to many classes yet to come. He is faithful, kind, and gentle, and answers to the name of "Sog."

As we carefully look over the remnants of our various belongings, we are confronted with a few things, that, because of their nature, and undignified character, should be left only to the lower classes. The above articles, because of their said nature, are to be looked upon with disfavor, though they come from the very best blood of our class.

To Nixon, G., we bequeath Philpot's enormous feet.

To Moog, S., we leave Bill Fulghum's charming personality.

To Cook, we donate Hervey Cleckley's appetite for strong drink.

The Senior Class feels that not only the living, but the dead, should be considered in our last will and testament, accordingly, we set aside the necessary amount, be it large or small, to purchase a much needed haircut, and a hot water bath, to be administered as soon as possible to our beloved and highly esteemed classmate, Harry Wiley.

The Class suggests that any person or persons, in any place, answering the following questions in any manner or form, should be given an annual holiday on February 31.

Question 1. How much moonshine did the federal officers find in Prof. Cordle's Ford?

Q. 2. Why did a pedestrian think that Hervey Cleckley had only one arm?

Q. 3. Why does Hervey Cleckley always give out of gas in front of 1435 Glenn Avenue? Why did he leave his gold football there?

Q. 4. Who did Barney Dunbar take to the Tech Glee Club? Where was he after the show?

Q. 5. Is "Jelly" Laird really Irish?

Q. 6. Who told Billy Phipot that he could play baseball?

Q. 7. Where does Walter Fargo get his marcel wave?

Q. 8. Why is it that Marion Adams can speak about only a certain young lady when he addresses Tubman?

Q. 9. Where did Tufts take a course in detective work?

Q. 10. Why is Charles Fargo so wild?

Q. 11. Why does Elliott Heath disprove of the custom of giving Frat. pins to dark-haired girls that have, as part of their personal belongings, 1920 model Chevrolets?

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hand seal, this Tenth day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-one; in the year of our foundation, one hundred and thirty-eight. Signed:

THE SENIOR CLASS,
By E. M. Baker.

Witnesses:
Wise, C., Shimoff, Moog, S., Mr. Scruggs.

Class Oration

By C. Ralph Youngblood

Friends and Fellowstudents:

And especially our friends from Tubman, who grace this assemblage with your presence, the Class of Nineteen Twenty-one bids welcome. Many times you have encouraged us to greater efforts by your whole-hearted support. On the football field, the baseball diamond, and the track, you have cheered us on to victory; and it is largely to this encouragement on your part that we are indebted for the successes we have achieved, and the honors which have been conferred upon us. This occasion has been class-day, but may this gathering be one of mutual co-operation and benefit, in which every lower and higher classman has as much interest as a senior, for it is "up to you" to "carry on" for old Richmond. As we go from this institution let us consider some of the impulses which will direct our future course.

Probably the factor which has contributed most to the progress of the world is ambition. Were we compelled to eliminate from the pages of history this one principle, I doubt not that we should find ourselves in the same state of barbarism as the peoples of the stone age; outlaws of earth, with every man's hand against his brother. Erase ambition and you would destroy the warp of the social fabric of humanity.

This same attribute, however, can destroy as well as save, and if it had been possible to have removed this destroying selfish quality from the hearts of the sons of Adam, civilization would have been enriched and the record of the human race would be many times more readable.

This egotistical, selfish ambition, the fountain source of which is self-love, ends in sorrow and shame. Such an ambition, like the deadly viper, though befriended by a kindly hand, only awaits the opportunity to sink its venomous fangs into the arm of its benefactor. As the parasitical plant, it feeds upon its brothers, sucking the life blood of its victim and giving nothing in return; a leech on mankind; devoid of those high ideals and attainments which belong to those of God's creation to whom has been given the kingly command to rule over the earth.

The embodiment of such an ambition may be found in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, who for the prize of fame and military glory set before him, renounced her who had been his companion at the time when he was struggling for his very existence; when the youthful dreams that had tickled his fancy began to lead him into a new career. He laid waste and desolate Europe's most fertile fields, and waded to a throne through the blood of his adopted countrymen; he took from mothers their sons and gave back to them the lifeless forms of these sons, who, had they been permitted to live, would have been their crown of joy and the strength of the nation.

For such an unholy ambition, we have only to glance at the record of the former Imperial German Empire; taught from its incipiency, the old Satanic

doctrine of hatred, it passed through its forty years of training in hate, only to find the eternal law of sowing and reaping as steadfast as when first decreed. That nation's proud monarch swore he was right, because of the power of his might, and denied the right of existence to his lesser neighbors; and that country has answered the roll-call of the nations who have forgotten honor in their fiendish desire to accomplish their ends, and like a tale that is told, it has gone the way of all the earth.

If such an ambition you have, then I would plead with you: Curb it! For you will find, in your declining years, that it will bring to you nothing but grief and sorrow, and you will then realize how hollow is fame.

For this ambition substitute one to uplift humanity, one that lives for others and not for self alone.

When David Livingston cut all the home ties that bound him to old England, and thrust himself into the jungles of the "Dark Continent," he was doubtless derided as being foolish for refusing a promising career in his native land, and attempting so uncertain and dangerous an adventure; but instead Livingston, the Englishman, emerged from his vast undertaking as a great missionary explorer, and like Columbus, a discoverer of new lands. He had conquered a new continent; but not as a Caesar or Napoleon; in love had he made his conquests. He lost his life to find it again.

With the coming of the Carpenter of Nazareth, times have changed, and there has been a more exalted standard erected for the sons of men, to which they should aspire; even that we should be used for the uplifting of our fellowmen; and for this purpose we have our great present day systems of schools and higher institutions of learning.

To us is there given a heritage richer and more glorious than a Solomon's. Knowledge indeed is increased, and even a beggar has wisdom greater than an Egyptian Pharaoh could purchase. But shall we avail ourselves of these wonderful privileges merely for our own glory? By no means: but may we use them for the uplifting, the betterment of our fellow-beings, for this is an ambition worthy of the most illustrious of the sons of men; yea, of the Great Creator of mankind Himself.

Permit me in closing to admonish you, my classmates, to be ambitious; but may your ambition not be of a sordid, selfish nature; but prompted by a higher and holier desire; that of uplifting and benefiting your fellow-men, for in so doing you will not only bring honor to your school, and to those who have labored so faithfully to lead us forth in the paths of learning, but to the nation of which you have the honor of being a part, and to the whole family of mankind in general.

Therefore, my friends, I beseech you, be ambitious in the righteous service of your fellow-men, then the generations yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed.

Class History

By William L. Fulghum

This Senior Class started in the year 1916 with an enrollment of one hundred and fourteen members. This was a fine showing, but in it's Sophomore year the ravages of Math. 11 and 12 had decreased it in size to 89 members; but this was still large for a Sophomore class. In the Intermediate year the class had 63 members. Here they met and had to face the trials of Geometry set up by Mr. J. Lister Skinner and of French under the supervision of Mr. Charles Guy Cordle.

Owing almost directly to these difficulties, the class in it's Junior year had come down to 45 members, and at this time tasted the first effects of Physics, which was laid out, analyzed and fully explained by Mr. J. Lister Skinner, this proved of very little avail. By the time the class reached it's Senior year, Physics, French, and Mathematics had caused a good many of it's weaker members to fall out and along with other reasons caused it's decrease to 34 members. Before it had gone very far one of these dropped out and it now numbers 33. These have so far withstood the attacks of Chemistry, Trigonometry, Analyt, and English and are about to proclaim themselves victorious.

I shall now endeavor to introduce to you the results of the class that started it's five year journey in 1916.

First on the list I introduce Mr. J. Marion Adams, better known as "Josie." He does not get this handle from the mule "Josie" in Mayfield where many delightful summers were spent packing peaches by Academy Boys, but from a certain young lady of whom every student knows. He came to us from Woodlawn school and has taken honors in his class the four years that he has been in the Academy. He is one of the popular boys of the Senior class. He was elected Cheer Leader, Secretary of th Older Boys' Conference held in Athens, Secretary of the Alxander H. Stephens Debating Society, Literary Editor of the Annual and one of the class Athletic Representatives.

Next in line comes Mr. Eugene Middleton Baker, the Duke of Hamburg, and a happy nut who takes nothing seriously. He came to us in the latter part of our third year from the Central High School in Washington, D. C. "Shorty" hates a noise and proves it by the fact that he always keeps his mouth shut. He was for two years one of the best players on the Varsity football team, he was elected one of the class Athletic Representatives, and Treasurer of the "Hi-Y" club.

The third member of the class is Mr. Francis Sinclair Chance, a noble, heroic type of manhood who takes a great delight in both worrying and amusing his teachers. He has not had the pleasure, or misfortune, of being with his class during it's whole journey, but expects to make the final count. Francis is very noted as he is President of the Theta Sigma Fraternity and a ranking officer of the Anti-Cigarette League.

Now comes Mr. Hervey Milton Cleckley. "Big Man" hails from Houghton school and from the date of his entrance has been one of the most prominent members of his class, both from a studious and athletic standpoint. Hervey has taken high honors in his class every year and has broken many records in football and track. While on the football team he was one of it's best players. In the Track team he was elected Captain both last year and this year, and has

set records that will be very difficult even to approach. In the last track meet he broke five Academic records. In the Military Department he is Captain.

Next on roll is Mr. Barney "Google" Savage Dunbar. Shortly after his arrival from Houghton, he distinguished himself by taking high honor in the Freshman class, in the Sophomore class he took honor and from this on very little is known of his marks as a student. Barney is a prominent figure in social circles.

Now I introduce to you Mr. Charles Clare Fargo, alias "Chipmonk." A graduate of Houghton grammar, "Chipmonk" exposed himself to the Bolshevik principles of the "Old Historic," and since his arrival has gained the ranking position of Major General of the Non-Drill Squad. He hopes to raise his rank next year in West Point. "Chippy" is one of the most honest members of the Senior class—at least he is so regarded as he was elected Class Treasurer.

Next comes "Chippy's" cousin, Mr. Walter Gordon Fargo, who is a graduate of the Monte Sano grammar. Walter is easily distinguished from his cousin "Chipmonk" by his wavy hair, which he has, after a very lenghty, hard struggle, finally gotten under control. This was accomplished chiefly by the use of Watkin's Mulsified Cocoanut Oil. Walter left Old Richmond once, but decided that it would be impossible for him to stay away, so after a long conference with the officials of the school he was finally induced to re-enter.

After Mr. Walter Fargo comes Madame Kenneth Rushton Fourcher who has been on the stage for all five acts. She came to Richmond from Davidson grammar and found it very difficult to subject herself to the various activities and customs of Old Richmond. Madame is very good looking and while walking, running, drilling or dancing she handles herself very gracefully.

After much consideration I finally condescended to let you know a little something of the character of Captain Cornelius Elliott Heath, an all-round ladies' man. Captain Heath is well known on account of his good looks and melodious laugh. He came to us from Davidson grammar and during his five years stay has stored up a great many choice bits of knowledge, especially from the Chemistry Department. Captain Heath is very skilled in his ability as a teacher. He is sometimes called Professor by his classmates.

Following Captain Heath comes the largest member of the class, Mr. George Preston Holland. "Pres" usually has a sad expression on his face and hardly ever talks. He also hails from Davidson.

Next on roll comes Lord Harold Eugene Laird, the skinniest member of the class, being of tall and stately mien. After deciding that it would be impossible for him to continue at Sacred Heart he made his debut at Richmond. "Jelly" has been very active in his efforts among the student body, trying to teach them the principles of the Sinn Feiners. He is a faithful follower of MacSwinney, but it is feared that he will never go on a "hunger strike."

Following "Jelly," comes Mr. Louis Lanier Lokey who came to us from Houghton. Louis is one of the most boisterous, talkative members of the class. In the Military Department he holds the rank of Second Lieutenant. Louis stands well in all of his studies, especially French. He is pulling hard for a "Dip" and it is almost certain that he will get it.

Mr. Matthew Arnold Mallard comes next on the list. Previous to his entrance at the Academy he was a student of Woodlawn. "Mack" is "Jelly's" closest friend with the exception of "Tunny" Miller, and is thoroughly familiar with all of "Jelly's" Bolshevik ideas. "Jelly" and "Mack" conduct themselves in a very orderly manner, especially in the Science Department where Cousin

Cassius never has to call them down. "Mack" is also a very prominent figure in a song written by Cousin Cassius entitled:

"Mallard Boy you'll never pass the course,
Mallard Boy you'd better study."

"Mack" holds the rank of Sergeant in the Military Department.

Mr. Herman Markert comes next and is worthy of our closest consideration. He came to us from North Augusta and commonly shows his class a good many valuable things that were taught him while there. Herman talks on an average of .01 and 4 7ths hundredths minutes per day. He is also very jolly and is often seen by his friends loafing around on the streets and street corners.

Next in line comes Mr. Ralph Marsh Medlock. He also came from North Augusta. He entered Richmond in his third year and has made high honors the two years that he has been with us. Ralph has gained a good bit of business knowledge from the teachings of Mr. Kennedy in the Commercial Department, which manifests itself in the fact that Ralph was elected Business Manager of the Annual.

I now introduce to you Mr. Hinton Francis Miller, better known by his classmates as "Tunny." In spite of the fact that "Tunny" was out of school one term on account of sickness he will finish with the rest of his class, and probably with honors, since he is one of the honor men of the class.

Following Hinton comes Mr. Ollie Odelle McGahee, alias "Polo Griffo," a graduate of the Harrisburg University. "Polo" holds the high rank of First Sergeant in Military Circles and it is almost certain that he will finish with a commercial "Dip." "Polo" is also one of the honor men of the class.

Following "Polo Griffo" comes the best looking boy (besides "Hank" Philpot) in the class, Mr. Morton Nachman, alias "Venus," who came to us from Monte Sano and who since his arrival has ranked as one of the foremost members of the class.

Next on roll is Mr. Henry Martyn North, Jr., who came to the Academy from Central school. For four years he was President of his class, this year he is Vice-President, Editor-in-Chief of the Annual, and President of the "Hi-Y" club. He was Captain of the 1920-21 Varsity football team—the team that made such a record and that was so widely known for it's ability and spirit. Henry is the ranking officer of the Battalion, and is one of the best known of all the boys who form the student body.

I now introduce to you another former student of Central school, Mr. Leroy Henry Oetjen. Leroy is working hard for a "Dip," but the odds are against him, as at present he is very much disturbed over a love affair in Thomson which he thinks is going to turn out badly for him. Leroy is a First Lieutenant in the Military Department.

Next in line comes the long-sought-for missing link, Mr. Richard Meade Owens, often called by his classmates "Bobo Blooey Blooey Saint Negro Orlanduccio Brusco." He is credited with having introduced into the regular schedule of work Apus 52. "Brusco" came from Monte Sano, and holds the high rank of Corporal Bugler. He has never been known to argue with his teachers.

After "Brusco" comes Mr. Auburn Ganbelle Owens, better known as "Spaghetti." "Sphaghetti" boasts of the proud fact that he is no kin to "Brusco." He came to the Academy from Davidson school. He left Richmond in the first part of his Senior year, but before he was gone very long he came back and his presence is greatly felt as he is one of the foremost twirlers of Charlie Gillman's pitching staff.

After "Spaghetti" I introduce to you the Honorable Professor Robert Lee McAllister Parks. Professor hails from Houghton where he was once a prominent figure. In the early part of his Academy life he was very studious, but he soon learned to shoot billiards and can now be found around Burdell's almost any time, day or night. And since he was one of the biggest jokes in the Senior class he was elected Joke Editor of the Annual.

Next I introduce the most handsome Mr. William Kuhlke Philpot, better known as "Hank." "Hank" hails from Houghton and on his arrival at the Academy found it very difficult to leave off his book-bag, an article rarely used among high school students. "Hank" is very fond of bicycle riding, for he takes long trips almost daily. He is also noted in the Senior class for his extra big mouth and exceeding good looks. He was one of our best players on the Varsity football team, and is now starring on the Varsity baseball team. He is a prominent member of the "Hi-Y" club. By the way, among the various things he has learned while at the Academy is parting his hair in the middle, but there's no use now since he's been "kicked."

Next I introduce to you Mr. Louis Edward Reese from Grovetown. Louis holds the rank of First Sergeant in the Military Department, and has made a good showing several times on the Varsity football and baseball teams. He is now a member of this year's baseball team and is one of the best short-stops that the Academy has seen in several years. Louis is a prominent member of the class and is one of it's Athletic Representatives.

On the list Mr. E. Rutledge follows Reese. He entered the Academy in the fourth year, but was a member of the Senior class only a short while, before he dropped out. He was a boy of good intentions and quietness and no doubt was forced to quit by some bad happening or misfortune. His home is in Anchorage, Kentucky.

Following Rutledge I take great pleasure in presenting Captain Jim C. Sherman, President of the Senior class. Jim came to the Academy from Monte Sano and has taken high honors in his class every year. Besides being President, he is Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the Annual, Vice-President of the "Hi-Y" club, and is second ranking officer of the Battalion. Jim is looked up to by the members of the Faculty and the Student Body. He is now a leader of boys. He will some day be a leader of men. Besides school Jim has many outside activities socially. He is well known in Athens, Washington, Mayfield and Charleston by several members of the Fairer Sex. Jim is also noted for his ability to make high explosives. The bad nervous condition of the Chemistry Teacher is attributed directly to him.

Following Sherman comes our Hebrew member, Mr. Pincus Tanenbaum. Pinkey hails from Davidson and is a prominent member of his class. He is easily recognized as he is very good looking. He was an aspirant for the Joke Editor's position but it was thought that Professor Parks was the biggest joke so it was given to him.

Following Pinkey comes Mr. Kennard Shields Trowbridge who came to the Academy from Woodlawn. He is known to his classmates as "Dent" and is one of the popular members of the class. In the Military Department he is Sergeant. "Dent" has many outside activities.

Next on the list I present the Class Moralist, Mr. Frank Halsey Tufts, who hails from the Tenth District A. & M. school. His home is in Mitchell, Ga.

Frank is very well known as a machinist and can be easily recognized by his suspenders and extra large tortoise shell glasses.

Following Tufts comes Mr. Richard Miles Watkins who came to the Academy from Central school. Richard is well known by all his classmates and stands well in his studies. He is a member of the Commercial Department and expects to finish a commercial Diploma. It is circulated about that Richard finds his attentions distractingly divided between his books and a certain young lady, and that several nights out of the week the young lady is the successful rival.

Following Watkins comes Mr. Harry Mason Wiley, who came to the Academy from Houghton. In Harry's early days as a student at the Academy he was rather smart but as he passed from one class to another his marks became lower, probably due to no lack of attention to his studies, but to oversight of his teachers. Harry doesn't like water very much. But he says when the necessity arrives, he will do his duty like a man.

Next to the last on roll I introduce to you Mr. Claude Ralph Youngblood. Claude came to us from Woodlawn and has served his class usefully ever since. He left once, but came back. He is noted as a speaker and is the Class Orator. No doubt in later years he will be seen on the stand as a minister of the Gospel.

As the last feature of this History I present to you William Lamar Fulghum, who came to the Academy from Young Harris College, and entered in the Sophomore year. After being in school two years he left the Academy, and stayed away one year, then re-entered in the Junior year and expects to finish with the class. The Class Prophet says that "Bill" makes about as much noise as a fellow eating mushrooms in a boiler factory. In fact, he is so quiet that we know very little about him, except that he occasionally displays human intellect, and also has a girl. "Bill" says she is the nicest girl under the sun, but the rest of us like girls better under the moon.

In this History I have tried to give you a brief characterization of each member of the Senior Class.

We have assembled this morning in anticipation of our dismissal, which is only a few weeks off. Without this our course would not be complete. It is a period in our lives we have looked forward to as of much importance to us. Whether it will be of greater import than a social function will rest with each individual. We can continue in the work of improvement, or we can fold our hands and in few years lose all we have won this morning. The diplomas we shall receive will always be evidence of our achievements, but the question I would put to each is: Shall we utilize these honors? Shall we put into actual practice the lessons we have learned, or shall we drift away and lose through inaction the real advantages that would accrue through the education we have had bestowed upon us?

May I say in closing that I hope that the pleasures we enjoy this morning may never be clouded by the sorrows of a misspent life. That temptations will visit all of us as we pass through life, is certain, but may we have courage to withstand them, so that when we reach the dark valley of the shadow of death, our fidelity to principle will be a light that will pierce the veil of obscurity and mark the way to the Great Unknown!

Class Prophecy

By Hinton F. Miller

"All out for Augusta!" shouted the conductor, poking his head in at the rear of the car. I looked around hurriedly for my valise and overcoat. The valise was safe, but someone had evidently swapped overcoats with me, leaving a loud checked piece of goods, more like a kimona, in it's place. I grabbed it and hunted up the conductor.

"Somebody's stolen my overcoat, and I'd like to get it back," I said.

"You got a overcoat, ain't you?" he asked with an insolent leer.

"Oh, whoever took mine left this thing in it's place," I replied.

"I remember now," he said. "The fellow who got on with that coat got off in Aiken. It ain't the company's fault. You oughter watch your stuff better." He turned insultingly and walked away. I murmured several unprintable things about railroad service in general, threw the gaudy rag over my shoulder, picked up my valise, and started to leave the station. At the entrance I met two men with badges of some sort.

"Here he is," said one. "We've been expecting you, Napoleon. Come along with us."

"What do you mean?" I asked, thinking it was some kind of joke. I was mad already over the loss of my coat, and ready to fight every time I thought of the conductor.

"Be careful," said the second man, "the telegram says he's violent."

I looked around for something to knock them out of the way with. Our old friend the conductor and two other men were coming up from behind.

"Is that him?" asked the conductor.

"It's him, alright," said one of them. "Checked overcoat and everything. Look out, there, he's having a fit!"

I had dropped my valise and made a lunge at the conductor, eager to knock the scoundrel down. Somebody behind me tripped me neatly, and I fell headlong, striking my head with an agonizing jar. Dazzling flares of bright lights spun around before my eyes, and I knew no more.

When I recovered my sense I was standing on a corner of Augusta's business section. Directly across the street was a large sign: "Medlock & McGahee, Cotton Brokers."

I ran to see my two old classmates. They seemed to be doing a rushing business. The office boy informed me, to my disappointment, that McGahee was out of town and Medlock had just carried his stenographer out for an auto ride. I left their offices and walked up Broad Street. As I passed by one building I heard shrieks of agony coming from within. I started to call a policeman and find the cause of these fearful howls, but nobody else seemed to notice it. The sounds seemed to come from the third story, and glancing up, I saw printed in gold letters on one of the windows: "Dr. Eugene Baker, Dentist."

I walked on, afraid to enter, for fear that the "Duke of Hamburg" might not recognize me and pull out several teeth before I could stop him.

The next person I met was our old friend "Jelly" Laird. "Jelly" was built when meat was cheap. He had on his customary green socks and green necktie. Green is "Jelly's" favorite color, both to wear and to spend. "Jelly" and I were together so much in the good old days at Richmond that the fellows wanted to call us the "Gold Dust Twins," but we didn't wash often enough to be called that. "Jelly" was a prosperous contractor, and had just finished a new skyscraper, which he pointed out to me. He wanted to tell me how he cleaned up in a crap game, but I asked him several questions about our old classmates.

"Meade Owens had charge of the electrical work in that skyscraper I built," said "Jelly." He's an electrical engineer now. Remember the foolish questions Meade used to ask in class? Like, who wrote Milton's 'Paradise Lost'? and what time does the six o'clock train leave? Little Matthew Mallard, the eyebrowless wonder, is an architect and is fast growing prosperous. Mallard is a most promising young man. He's been promising to pay me two bits ever since Commencement. He lives around on Fenwick Street, by the gas house. Leroy Oetjen is one of our best known doctors. They've been thinking of building a new cemetery ever since he hung out his M. D. sign. Kennard Trowbridge has charge of an electrical plant up the river. Kennard has discovered that when silk is rubbed over the human body that a current of electricity is generated, and for this reason some girls are very shocking. He discovered all this through very close study of the subject."

I also learned from "Jelly" that Walter Fargo was a matinee idol, and spent his time drawing stupendous salaries and breaking feminine hearts. Among his famous foolish answers back at Richmond are: "There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers," and, "A circle has two sides—inside and outside."

Marion Adams had an M. D. sign over his home around on Telfair Street. He has a large practice as a doctor and has written several books. And last, but not least, he has a fine family consisting of one loving wife, seven beautiful children, and one Ford. Marion loves his family. He's so tender hearted that he always chloroforms the baby before he spanks it.

I discovered that Hervey Cleckley was one of the state's best lawyers and a well known sportsman. Hervey was running for governor and likely to be elected. I went around to the polls and voted for him right away. Hervey was doing fine considering that a weak and delicate little fellow he was at school. The teacher once asked Hervey what figure of speech was, "I love my teacher." Hervey said it was Sarcasm. Hervey also said he didn't know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He thought he lived at the White House.

Elliot Heath, I found, was a mechanical engineer, and his fortune was already made by his books and discoveries. Among Elliott's books was the famous treatise, "Why the wind doesn't blow up and down instead of sideways," and among his discoveries was a substitute for isinglass.

Claude Youngblood is a member of the state legislature, and bids fair to become a senator. Claude is one of the country's best orators. He can make his audience weep with pity or shout with rage. Usually they weep first. When they start shouting Claude grabs his hat and beats it out the back door. There's not much danger for him, however, as the people of his audience are

always searched for bricks and over-ripe eggs as they enter the hall. He lives in constant fear that some strong man may hit him with the piano or something.

As I left "Jelly" and walked up Broad Street I met Jim Sherman and Henry North. Jim was still slightly bowlegged, due to the weight of the books he used to carry to school. He was known all over the country as a second Edison. Jim has taken up architecture and was famous as an architect, but this wasn't deep enough for him, so he delved into electricity as a sideline and made several discoveries, on which he wrote many volumes. Jim's home was in Washington, but he visited Augusta often.

Henry was an electrical engineer, and had just harnessed up the immense power of Horse Creek, down in the wilds of Beech Island; and with the electricity from his plant he was going to run a trolley line to McBean. This investment would put him on Easy Street for the rest of his life. Henry was always good on conservation of energy. While we were going to school a book agent was once talking to a bunch of us. "This book," he said, "will do half of your work." "Gimme two, quick," said Henry.

As I stood talking to Henry and Jim, we heard the beating of a drum, and a regiment of Uncle Sam's soldiers came marching proudly up the street. At the head of them, on a big black horse, rode Colonel Charlie Fargo, known to his friends as Chipmonk. I could hardly recognize Chip, as he had such a hard boiled look on his face. Chip wore big spurs on his boots; probably to keep his feet from sliding off his desk.

Jim and Henry told me that Barney Dunbar was a famous cartoonist, and drew pictures for all the leading newspapers under a assumed name. Barney says he uses an assumed name because he is modest, but we don't know whether it is modesty or shame. Barney is also a noted artist, and has painted several masterpieces, using for his inspiration as a model a young lady named Miss Murphy. Barney is fast growing wealthy from the foolish things he draws and says. He's a born wit. Back at Richmond the following motto governed Barney's whole life:

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime ,
By asking foolish questions,
To take up teacher's time.

Jim had a newspaper in his hand. I glanced over the headlines. At the top was:

The Augusta Tatler
R. L. M. Parks, Editor

Below were several articles fighting the anti-nicotine leagues, written by the masterful pen of our old friend Robbie.

I left Jim and Henry and walked on, stopping in Gardelle's to get a drink. At the counter was Harry Wiley buying a cake of soap.

"Will you have it scented or unscented?" asked the clerk.

"I'll take it with me," said Harry.

Hary told me he was cashier of one of Augusta's largest banks. He was a busy man, and in a terrible hurry, but he stopped long enough to tell me that he had taken Herman Markert's job. Markert, the noisiest boy in our class, had

been canned for dissipation and flirting, but now he was reformed and owned a large farm. I was glad to hear that Herman had left his wild ways and was sobering up.

Over in a corner, with his feet propped up on a table, sat teahound Billie Philopt, noisily inhaling a chocolate soda. The people around him had raised umbrellas for protection. After the deluge was over I sat down by Billie and we talked over old times. He was a doctor—a specialist. Ever since Billie had hung out his shingle there seemed to be raging among the fair ladies of the city epidemics of various diseases, none serious; but it was noticed by many that these ladies invariably called Dr. B. Philpot for treatment and sympathy.

As I left Billie and crossed the street, Francis Chance nearly ran over me with his Packard. I didn't recognize Chance at first, but when I noticed that his breath had the familiar and heavenly smell of wood alcohol I knew it could be only he. Francis was a cigar salesman, and had more dollars than Carter has pills. He told me that Frank Tufts had opened up a detective agency and was becoming noted all over the country as a second Hawkshaw. Augusta had built four new jails since Tufts got on the job, and laid off the entire police force. Nobody dared even match for pennies now, and mothers were saying to their children, "Be good or Detective Tufts will get you."

Chance also said that Pincus Tanenbaum owned a chain of ten-cent stores that was spreading over the whole country. Pinky's clear, brisk mind and wonderful ability had made a millionaire of him. Ardent admirers were going to tear down the Statue of Liberty and put Pinky's up in it's place. Pinky was thinking of building a chain of delicatessen stores in Palestine.

"Mr. George Preston Holland," said Francis, "is on the stage giving exhibitions of his wonderful strength and marvelous physique. Bud astonished everybody with his stupendous feats of strength. He wears an anvil for a watch fob and when he gets sleepy he just lays down on the sidewalk and pulls the asphalt up over him."

Louie Lokey was a dancing master and an expert at all the new dances. He had originated several new steps, including the "Box Car Bump," the "Cellar Step,' the "Kitchen Sink," "Artic Shiver," the "Old Milk Shake," and the "Back Yard Dash." Louie also had several billiard and pool championships.

Chance stepped on his car and carried me away out in the country. He showed me a magnificent farm owned by Louis Reese and Richard Watkins. Louis and Richard spent the night with each other once, sleeping in the same bed. Late that night Louis awoke. He heard a noise that sounded like a burglar, and he rose hastily. To his horror, he saw a man's legs sticking out from under the bed. They were not the burglar's. They were Richard's. He had heard the noise first. Pretty soon they heard the noise again and both started boldly down the stairs three steps at a time. They thought the burglar was on the roof.

When Chance and I got back to the city, newsboys were running around shouting that the great Babe Ruth was dead. I left Francis and bought a paper. Babe Ruth had reached the height of his brilliant home-run career, when at last he went up to bat with Auburn Owens pitching against him. "Spaghetti" Owens struck out the king of the diamond seven times in succession, and poor Babe had died of a broken heart. His last words were: "That fellow must be from Harrisburg. I never saw anybody pitch like that before."

As I stood reading this article somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and recognized old Bill Fulghum, now a prosperous lawyer. Bill used to walk in his sleep, but he carries car-fare to bed with him now. Bill originated the famous statement: "Only fools are certain; wise men hesitate." He says he is certain of it.

Bill and I decided to go to a show, so we walked past one of Augusta's movie palaces. Bright posters in front proclaimed that the feature of the day was "Venus," Morton Nachman, in "The Cowboy's Bride, or Sitting Bull's Last Seat," in which Nachman played the role of Bad Bill from Turpin Hill. Venus was the nearest perfect specimen of manly beauty in the world, and had wrecked more happy homes than the Irish Sinn Feiners.

Bill and I walked on and entered a vaudeville. The star act of the vaudeville was the great female impersonator, Kenneth Fourcher, who had Julian Eltinge backed off the map. Madamoiselle Fourcher impersonated the feminine sex so closely that "she" had 'em guessing. "She" sang several songs, including "I Want a Man and I Want Him Bad." In concluding the act "she" gave the original hula-hula dance. "She" was dressed in a wonderful costume consisting of two brass finger bowls tied together with a shoestring.

Bill had to go home and rock the baby, when we got out of the show, so I told him goodbye. I walked slowly through the city's residential section, thinking of the good old times—"the days of real sport." The sun was setting as I passed the Old Historic. I remembered the happy days I had spent there, the best days of my life. But what a change had taken place since the class of '21 had graduated! Two magnificent new buildings had been erected. Augustans were proud of the Academy before this change, but now, with these fine buildings, they could truly say that they had the best high schools in the state, and point out Tubman and the Old Historic to prove it.

It was fast growing dark, and I was anxious to get back to the bright lights of Broad Street. As I hurried through a dark street I heard footsteps close behind me. I turned, and saw the evil face of the insulting railway conductor leering at me. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I turned to run, but my knees gave way and I fell sprawling.

* * * * *

Slowly I rolled over and opened my eyes. I was lying in a cool, clean bed in a large room, and a white clad nurse was standing by me.

"Where's my overcoat?" I asked dazedly. "Where am I?"

"Lie still and don't exert yourself," said the nurse. She left the room and finally came back, bringing a doctor with her.

"Feel better?" asked the doctor with a grin.

"What does all this mean?" I asked. "Where am I?"

"It was all due to a big mistake," said the doctor. "A lunatic had escaped from an asylum near here, and must have swapped overcoats with you on the train. Guards were looking for him here, and as you answered the description they tried to arrest you. You attempted to escape, fell, and hit your head on the street curbing. We thought you had fractured your skull. You've been raving about an hour on all kinds of subjects. Its nothing serious, though, and you'll be as well as ever in a few days."

Class Poem

Dear friends, I've been appointed
The poet of our class,
And when I'm through my poem,
You'll hope that its my last.

Five years ago we entered in
As happy as could be,
One hundred fourteen freshmen then
And now just thirty-three.

The first on roll is Baker, E.,
My soul, but he's a case,
For when it comes to stretching truth
He's champion of the place.

Baker is followed by Francis Chance
Whose name just suits him fine,
For if there's brain-work to be done
His chance is one in nine.

Then next comes Hervey Cleckley
With smiles and dimpled cheek,
He's bulled his way through every year,
In strength he's just a freak.

Now follows Dunbar, Barney "Google,"
An artist fine is he,
It grieves us much to see him flunk,
But "he ain't what he used to be."

Charles Fargo is next upon the roll,
He handles all our "chink."
His head is shaped just like an egg,
And he's never learned to think.

Now comes friend Walter Fargo
Who drives an ancient Ford,
He thinks he's very handsome,
But his head is like a gourd.

He's followed by Madame Foureher,
She smiles as you will note;
This she does because she's won
The hard-fought right to vote.

Below is "Billy" Fulghum's name
Who loves the best of all,
A "Jewel"; when he's dancing
He's as graceful as a wall.

So tall and slim is Elliott Heath
Our expert technical man;
And when the ladies are around,
You'll find him right on hand.

On roll the tenth is Holland, P.,
He's little but he's loud,
With hot-air, bull, and nonsense
He's wondrously endowed.

But hold, my friends, here's "Jelly" Laird,
So fat and filled with stew,
He'll never starve like Mayor "Mac"
Though he's Irish through and through.

Next on the roll is Louis Lokey,
Of some he is the pride,
'Tis true that he's a bonehead,
For his brain has ossified.

Then Matthew Mallard follows next,
With ladies very fast;
But in Chemistry the teacher says,
"My boy, you'll never pass."

Herman, called "Country" Markert,
Is the only one of his kind.
He lives so far in the backwoods
His breath smells of the pine.

Now Ollie Odelle McGahee's brains
Must be in his heels,
His marks are low for he does not
Study between his meals.

Next comes our friend Ralph Medlock,
A business man of affairs;
He's never known to go with girls,
But I'm sure that no one cares.

Our prophet, Hinton Miller, has
A lean and hungry look;
But he'll be fed for it is said
That now he courts a cook.

Now follows Morton Nachman,
So graceful and so cute,
He's known to us as "Venus,"
Because he's such a beaut.

Next comes old Henry Martyn North
With smiling, whiskered face,
When it comes to flunking studies
He always leads the pace.

Leroy Oetjen, to himself,
Seems handsome and so wise,
He has a chance to graduate,
Provided he never dies.

Next is Auburn (Cowbell) Owens,
Who answers to "Spaghet";
If you should see his homely face,
You never could forget.

Owens, M., our bugler punk,
Is known to us as "Blooie";
When he is not attending school,
He's feasting on chop suey.

But hail, who comes to joke with us,
"Bob" Lee McAllister Parks,
We have a flood of foolish fuss
When he ope's his mouth and barks.

Next comes Sweet Billy Philpot,
Our babe who needs a cradle.
Born with a silver spoon in his mouth,
But Maud said 'twas a ladle.

Now follows Louis "Grovetown" Reese
Foolish when at his best.
He's stubborn, slow, and lazy,
He's an obnoxious pest.

The next is Jim C. Sherman,
Since Fate must joke, Alas!
This blank-faced, ignorant rascal
Is President of the class.

Near the end is "Pinky" Tanenbaum,
Who wears a sickly grin,
His face is such that "Bill" Elias
Has taken him for his twin.

And Trowbridge, too, I'll mention here,
Whose day is almost done,
He's taken all that's taught in school
But has passed not a single one.

Frankie Tufts is next on the roll,
He thinks himself so wise,
His head and mouth are very big,
But his brain is small in size.

Next little "Dicky" Watkins comes,
So quiet and so fair;
He often goes to Grovetown,
We wonder what's up there?

Now follows next that "Hairy" Wyly,
Who sells his Evening Post;
If ever he gets a haircut,
He'll have a right to boast.

Now only one name still remains,
And I close my dull refrain,
A blockhead, mean and indolent,
He's been pronounced insane.

A learned few we Seniors are,
Some knowledge we did gain,
For five long years we've struggled on
Our diplomas to obtain.

J. Marion Adams, '21.



CAPT. NORTH, H.M. '21.

ATHLETIC-



CAPT. WHITNEY, M.A. '22.

FOOT-BALL.

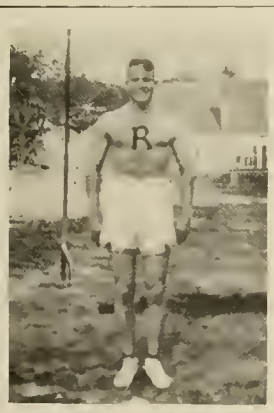
1920

TRACK.

BASKET-BALL.

1921

BASE-BALL.



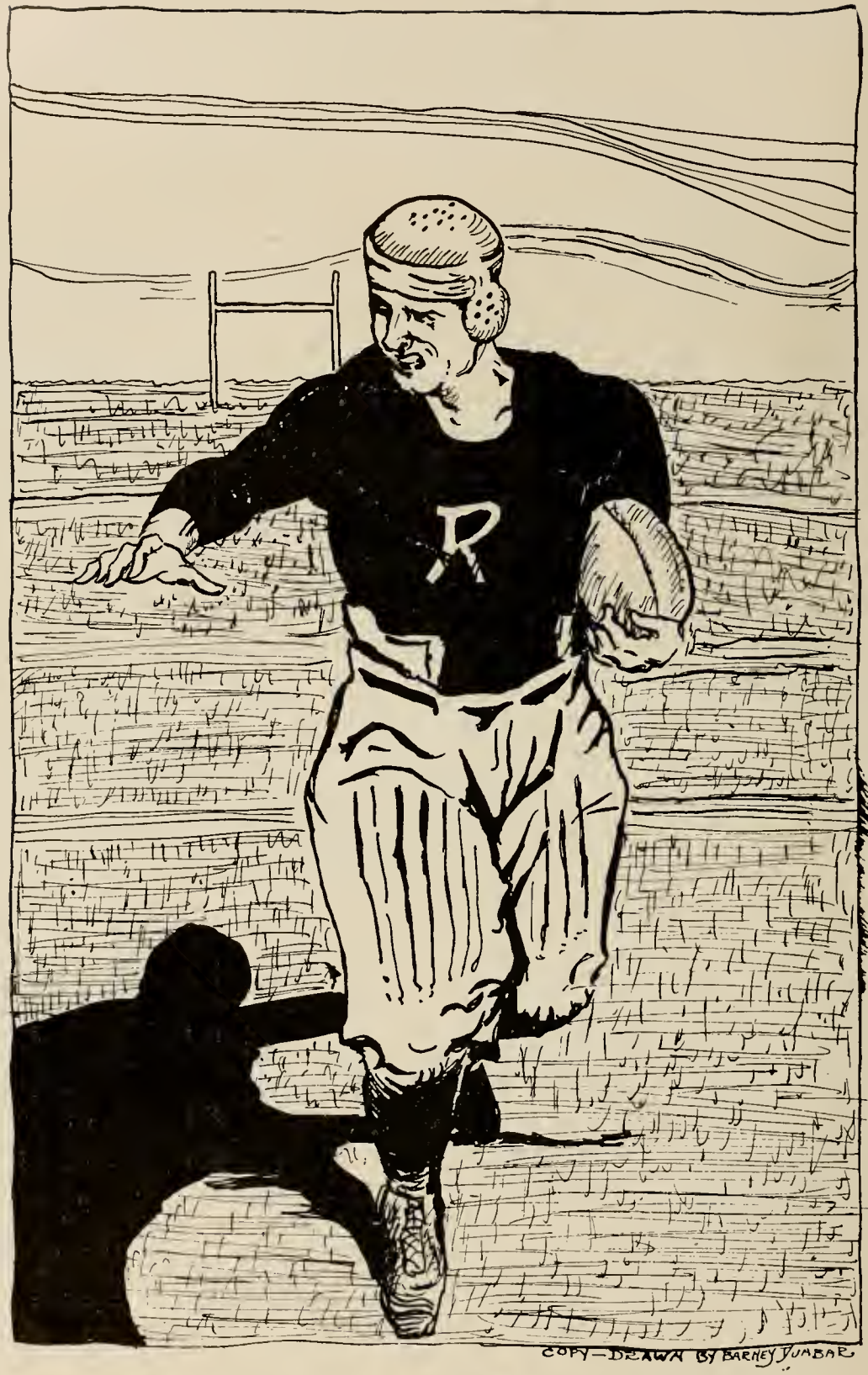
CAPT. CLECKLEY, H.M. '21.

DEPARTMENT.



CAPT. GILLMAN, C.

Heath, C, E. '21.



FOOT BALL



VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1920.

Top-row: Coach Wilson, Hogrefe, Kinard, Frank, Cleckley, Lehman, Coach Crook.
Second row: Verdery, Sherlock, Johnson, Kilpartick, C., Merry, G.
Bottom row: Kilpatrick, A., Baker, North (Capt.), Philpot, Whitney.

Wearers of Letter "R" 1920

North, H. M. (Capt.)

Baker, E.	Kilpatrick, A.	Philpot, W.
Cleckley, H. M.	Kilpatrick, C.	Merry G. (Capt. Elect.)
Frank, A.	Kinard, V.	Sherlock, C.
Hogrefe, C.	Lehmann, A.	Verdery, M.
Johnson, G.		Whitney, M.

Varsity Team

Baker; Kinard, (F.B.)
Lehmann (L.H.) Cleckley (R.H.)
Sherlock (Q.B.)
Whitney (L.E.) Philpot (R.E.)
North (Capt.) (L.T.) Johnson (R.T.)
Kilpatrick, C. (L.G.) Verdery (R.G.)
Merry (C.)
Substitutes: Frank, Hogrefe, Kilpatrick, A.

Football

By Cornelius Elliott Heath

Richmond: 126. Opponents: 32.

Due to the work of Mr. R. H. Crook, our head coach, and our noted alumnus, Mr. John Wilson, the old "Purple and Gold Cyclone" this year finished the most successful season that the school has had in many a moon. I may be correct in saying the most successful since its wonder team in 1914, when it claimed the Championship of all Georgia.

Though out-weighed in every game played, they upheld the fighting spirit of old Richmond and won seven out of eight games of which two games only were played on the home gridiron—Columbia at the Fair-Grounds, and Statesboro at Warren Park; Columbia being rolled on the sod to the tune of 19 to 6, and Statesboro to 49 to 0.

But the real fighting spirit of the "Old Historic" was shown in the game with Carlisle on Turkey Day. Due to Mr. J. L. Skinner and the numerous stand-bys of Richmond, a special train for trip was chartered to carry the team and some two hundred supporters, who expected to see Richmond crown herself with glory by defeating Carlisle and there finish the season bearing the name of an undefeated eleven.

Though Richmond lost this coveted game, those that saw it will stand by me in my statement that it was one of the hardest fought games ever witnessed on any gridiron. Though hopelessly out-weighed and fighting a losing game, the old school spirit of "never-say-die" went on throughout the fray,



RICHMOND vs. COLUMBIA, '21



RICHMOND vs. CARLISLE, '21

strongly contesting every inch of the ground they were forced to yield. Indeed, this entire game may be summed up in the adage: "It is better to die fighting than not to have fought at all."

In behalf of this year's eleven and the entire student body I should like to express here our deep appreciation of the great services rendered us by Mr. John Wilson, who has devoted his valuable time to the cause of clean athletics and to help put Richmond on the same basis in athletics that she is in academic standing. We also wish to express our appreciation to Mr. J. L. Skinner for the great interest which he has taken in the ahtletic department of the school.

At the close of the season the entire squad was entertained by the student body at a banquet in the dormitory. At this time Guy Merry, center of this year's Varsity, was unanimously chosen to lead the 1921 contingent of gladiators to victory. Captain-elect Merry is a two-year man in football and was the mainstay of the line this season, so we are placing great hopes in him for the future.

For the success on the gridiron this year year and the all-around character of the squad for clean play and the manner in which they fought for their school, they were presented with miniature gold footballs by the Board of Athletic Control of the school.

Before closing this bit of review the entire school desires to applaud Mr. R. H. Crook's achievements for the school and wish him great success next year.

A REVIEW OF GAMES

Before the inter-scholastic games were begun the Varsity defeated the U. of Ga. Medical College 20 to 0 in the opening game of the season. The "Medics," though hard fighters, were allowed only three first downs. The game resulted in the entire Richmond squad coming into prominence and showing great prospects for the rest of the season.

The next game, which formally opened the inter-scholastic season, resulted in a defeat for Columbia High (Columbia, S. C.) at the Georgia-Carolina Fair, with a score of 19 to 6. In this game Cleckley was at his best and in my opinion played the game of his life. The passing of Philpot also comes into note, one pass resulting in a 30 yard run to a touchdown by Whitney and others resulting in long gains. One instance showing the power of the backs and the plunging line is when Richmond held on her own 10 yd. line and then marched straight down the field to a touchdown.

Following this, with victory ringing in our ears, we invaded the Capitol city Oct. 28, to meet the strong Boy's High (Atlanta, Ga.) aggregation and to wipe out the stinging defeat of the previous year. This school has always had a reputation as being one of the strongest in athletics in the G. I. A. A., but that afternoon at Ponce de Leon Park this aggregation returned to their homes a sadden but wiser crew, while old Richmond returned home to roast the venison of a 6 to 0 victory. Sherlock was the star of the game. Breaking through the line, with Lehman for interference, he passed the secondary defense and ran 65 yds. to a touchdown. At times during the game Boy's High rállied and once advanced to our 10 yard line, but the Academy line with their backs to the wall, fought like tigers and held. As to the prowess of the line an Atlanta sporting scribe said: "Their line just formed a perfect milky-way for the backs and that Merry decidedly out-played the opposing center."

Then came the 1st District Agricultural and Mechanical College, (Statesboro, Ga.) Nov. 6, the only team which we met during the season that didn't tower over us in weight. The result appears in the score, 49-0. Richmond got their "goats" from the first. The team lined up for the first scrimmage after the kick-off, Sherlock passed forty-five yards to Lehman who ran thirty yards to a touchdown. This being completed in the record breaking time of 25 seconds from the opening of the game. Statesboro was a game crew, fighting every inch of the way, though playing a losing game. Three times with their goal in danger their line held and the ball went over. Every man in the Richmond backfield scored, Sherlock leading with three touchdowns to his credit. From the line, the work of Johnson and Capt. North were the outstanding features.

We next tackled the "Green and Orange" warriors of Lanier, Nov. 12, at Macon, Ga. During this game our eleven played under one of the greatest handicaps a team can possibly have—an unfair referee. Richmond was penalized over 105 yards for everything possible, Lanier only 10, when in our succeeding game with Savannah neither team was penalized. The final score however shows what a team can do against odds. Lanier's only touchdown resulted from an intercepted pass in the first quarter. Cleckley was the cause of two of our counters, one after a series of bucks and the second from a run of 70 yards through the entire Lanier eleven. Capt. North at tackle presented the most spectacular work from the line, though outweighed by his opponent Rainey, who was considered as the "Green and Orange's" best.

Continuing our march of victory the succeeding week end, Nov. 19, we paraded into Savannah, to engage our oldest rivals. This game is usually played Thanksgiving Day, but due to their renewed relations with Benedictine College (Savannah, Ga.) it was placed on our schedule one week earlier than usual. The game opened as if a disastrous defeat was in store for the wearers of the "Purple and Gold." Savannah advanced the ball to Richmond's 15 yard

line, where she essayed a drop kick which failed, Philpot then kicked 60 yards to mid-field. Again Savannah steadily advanced and attempted another drop kick, which also failed. This closed the first quarter, but at the opening of the second Richmond found herself, the jump shift began to work in perfect precision and the ball was advanced to Savannah's 3 yard line where she held for three downs, but was unable to withstand the plunging line. The great interference of the Old Historic's backs gave Cleckley a chance to carry the ball over for the first touchdown of the game. Later in the game Baker recovered a fumble by Savannah and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. These were the lone counters of the game, the resulting score being 13 to 0 in favor of Richmond. I may here mention the agreeable fact that neither team was penalized during the entire game. Savannah is one of the cleanest schools in sportmanship that Richmond ever hopes to compete against, and may her team continue to fight for what they have always fought for—fair play.

This brings us near the close of the season, with one game yet to be played. The "Richmond Special" left the Union Station Nov. 25 promptly at 9:00 o'clock, bound for the metropolis of Bamberg in the land of Carolina, the Purple and Gold bent on triumph. But, as previously mentioned, the imaginative beauty of this vision was never realized. Our standards went down in defeat to the score of 20-0. Little can be added to what has been said before. The Academy eleven fought as no team can ever fight again, but were unable to cope with the heavier team which out-weight them 23 pounds to the man. Passes were resorted to but were very unsuccessful due to the high wind which swept the arena at all times of the game. This marked the closing of a season in which Richmond had crowned herself with glory and proved her right to be placed among the leading prep schools of the state, and it is hoped that she will be placed among the others in the G. I. A. A. before the opening of the games



RICHMOND SPIRIT



RICHMOND vs. COLUMBIA, '21

next fall. On our 1921 schedule is a game with Sandy Beaver's strong aggregation from Riverside on Turkey Day, and with G. M. C.

Immediately following the Varsity football schedule of a series of games are played among the various company elevens for the championship of the battalion. These teams are composed of non-letter men and are awarded pennants with the company letter and the combined scores of their opponents against theirs. This series of games not only develops the physique of the men participating, but also enables the coaches to obtain an idea of the material they have for the next year.

The first games of this series were played December 10, Company B defeating Company D by the score of 19 to 0, and Company C defeating Company A 21 to 6. On December 14 Company B met Company A and again Company A met defeat to the tune of 7 to 0, while Company C again repeated its winning streak and defeated Company D 7 to 0.

These games brought Companies B and C together to decide the championship on December 16. Company B opened up with a terrific offensive the first play netting them 35 yards by a beautiful run of Fazio's. This put them in close distance of C's goal and Trowbridge carried it across. This however marked the close of B's scoring. At the opening of the second half Heath for C intercepted a pass and ran from mid-field to a touchdown. A little later Reese did the same thing and at the close of the half the score was 14 to 6 in favor of Company C, Parks not having missed a goal from placement during the entire series of games.

Company C line-up follows: Reese, L., Capt. (F.B.); Halford, G. (R.H.); Heath, E. (L.H.); Cashin, H. (Q.B.); Dicks, E. (R.E.); Lokey, L. (R.T.); Ferguson, (R.G.); Hankinson, J. (L.E.); Gray, T. (L.T.); Smith, W. (L.G.); Parks, R. L. M. (C.).


By "Skeet" Johnson



VARSITY BASKET BALL SQUAD, 1921.

Top row: Coach Blanchard, Kinard, Lehmann, Kilpatrick, C., Heath, E.
Bottom row: Philpot, Samuels, Whitney (Capt.), Kilpatrick, A., Johnson.

Wearers of the Letter "R" 1921

Whitney, M. (Capt.)

Heath, E.	Kilpatrick, C.
Johnson, G.	Lehmann, A.
Kilpatrick, A.	Kinard, V.

Varsity Team

Johnson (L.F.) Lehmann (C.) Whitney (Capt.) (R.F.)

Kilpatrick, A. (L.G.) Kilpatrick, C. (R.G.)

Substitutes: Heath, E., Kinard, V.

Basket Ball

Richmond, 190. *By* Cornelius Elliott Heath Opponents, 230.

Richmond here opened her first season at basket ball in the history of the school. Though not having such an enviable record as in football, she has crowned hereself with glory at her first attempt and has returned victorious from the majority of her engagements.

The varsity squad of this year unanimously elected Moragne Whitney as Captain to lead the "Old Gold and Purple" quintet next season. He has more than shown his ability as a leader during the past season, leading his team to victory in five out of nine games. He is a two-letter man this year; in football and basket ball, and in all probability history will repeat itself next year.

We wish to express our hearty appreciation to the directors of the Y. M. C. A. for their intense interest in old Richmond, and their unconditional permission for the use of the gym for the purpose of daily practice, and all scheduled games. The Academy has no adequate gymnasium for basket ball, but it is hoped that in the near future, when we expect the men of Augusta to assist us in the erection of an up-to-date auditorium, this need will be supplied.

Due to the hard work of Mr. "Pop" Blanchard, to whom all credit is due, the raw material was whipped into shape and at the close of the season would have given any team in the state a close fight for honors. Practice started a little later than the usual time at which other schools are put to the grind, and was complete broken into by the Christmas holidays, but the week immediately following the holidays the team was rounded into condition to play the strong quintet from Savannah, which in the previous year claimed the championship of all Georgia.

SCHEDULE REVIEW

Richmond opened her season against North Augusta, the school from across the river, on the afternoon of Jan. 5, with a glorious victory to the count of 45-6. Whitney and Johnson, the stella forwards of old Richmond, just couldn't miss, shooting from all positions of the floor. Kilpatrick, C., also did wonderful work at left-guard, taking Creighton into camp several times where he would have made several spectacular shots.

Then came the "Oyster Shelled" men from Savannah, Jan. 8, one of the fastest teams Richmond engaged during the season. The entire Academy team should be considered as bright lights in this fray; the passing of the team could not have been excelled, and with Lehmann, Kilpatrick, A., and Kilpatrick, C., feeding the ball down the floor into the waiting hands of Johnson and Whitney, who seldom missed a try, the game was never in doubt, except before the teams took the floor.

We next went up against the lean and lanky crew of Greensboro, Jan. 17, at Greensboro. This quintet got the jump on Richmond at the start and the result is shown in the score 16-52, an overwhelming defeat, but one that was played under a handicap of the court. It was the Academy's first appearance upon an out-door court, especially of the 45 degree type, we just couldn't stand up. Several instances of how luck can support a team were shown. One shot I never hope to see made again, with a Greensboro man flat on his back on the ground and Richmond covering him, he swings the ball to the side in a perfect arc into the basket.

We then matched our strength with Porter, from Charleston, S. C., Jan. 20.

This contest was hard fought until the last blow of the whistle, when Porter won in the last three second of play 23-21. The Academy played a consistent game throughout, not trying to make individual plays, but by fast foot work and accurate shooting, they gave Porter the fight of their lives, clearly outplaying them in all points of the game, but the breaks were against them. Johnson and Whitney were as usual at their best, while Kilpatrick, A., broke up, time and time again, the offensive of Porter.

In our next game we again faced the handicap of an open court, but defeated North Augusta, Jan. 26, in a close game, 11-10.

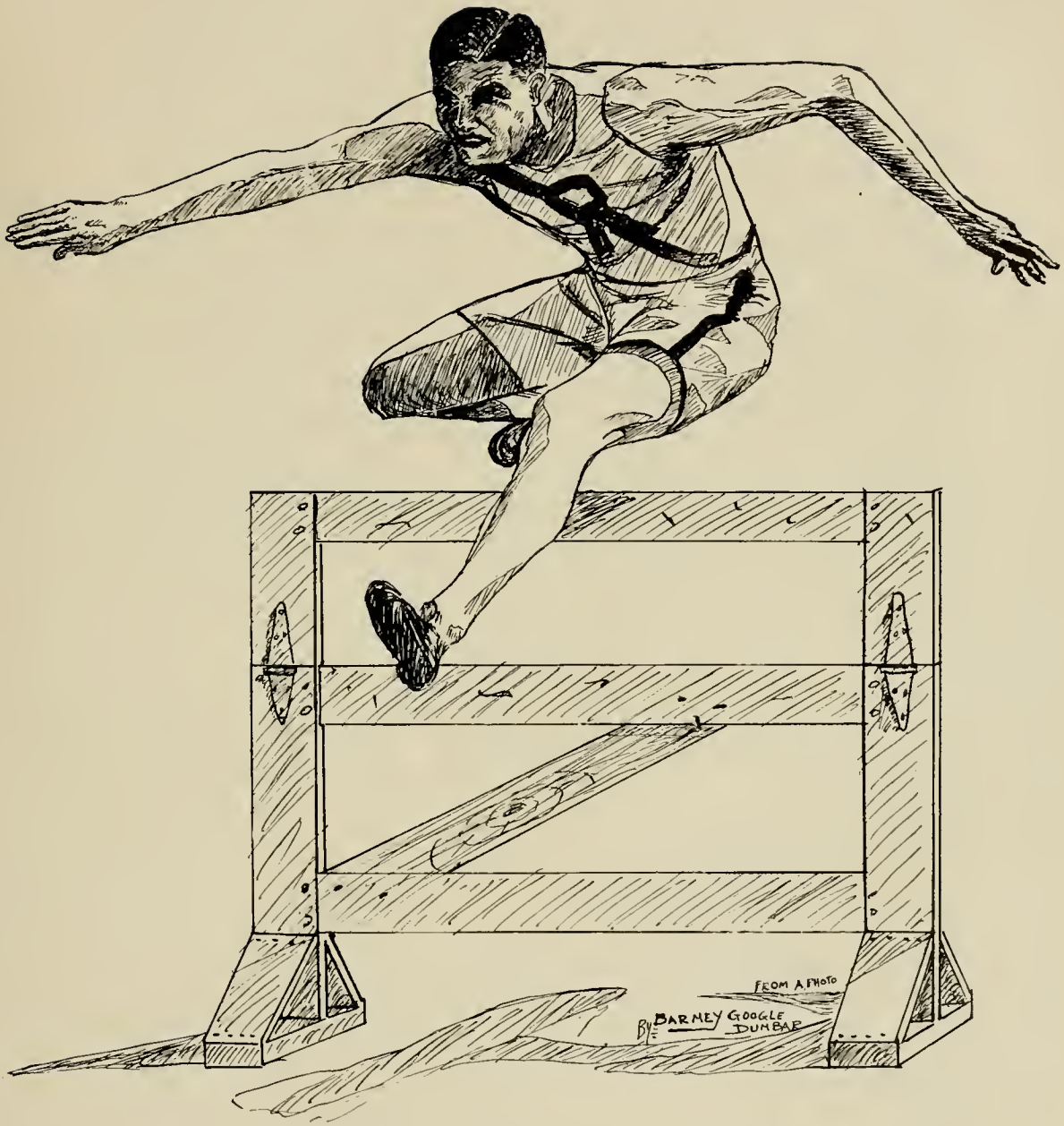
The following week end, Jan. 29, we engaged the Savannah Quintet for the second time during the season. This was the hardest fought game in which we participated. Richmond led at the close of the first half by a one point margin, 4-3, Savannah having shot three fouls. But in the second half Savannah allowed Richmond only four points. Johnson was the only man on the team that was able to find the basket, he making seven of the eight points awarded to the Academy. Whitney was entirely off, so resorted to the passing game, for which the Savannah papers say we carried off the honors. The resulting score was 19-8 in favor of Savannah.

We next annexed a victory over the Carlisle warriors from Bamberg, S. C., Feb. 5. The Academy Musketeers were out for revenge, for the defeat given them by the Carlisle crew in football, and they got it in every minute of the game. The resulting score 27-13 shows what the "Purple and Gold" men did for them. The majority of their counters coming in the first few minutes of play, when the Academy quintet was to eager for a victory to play the game they should have, but when they did get down to business, Carlisle didn't have a look-in. Whitney, though playing forward, was all over the floor, and Kilpatrick, C., was not much behind him.

Then not satisfied with this drubbing, at the close of the next period of school we journeyed to their home town, Feb. 12. This game was closely played for the first half due to the outdoor court, Richmond leading by one point, but when the second half opened and the wearers of the "Purple and Gold" became adapted to the court, Carlisle wasn't on the field, not being allowed but four counters during this period, while the close of the game showed victory for the Old Historic, 22-16. The Academy's five man defense was impregnable, and the shots which Carlisle made were long and far between.

With the close of the season at hand, and yet one game to be played, the Greensboro High team invaded our camp Feb. 12. During this encounter several freak shots were made from the middle of the court and farther. The feature of the game was the exceptional guarding of both teams. Whitney led in points, scoring ten of the total of 13 for Richmond, while Kinard, who was substituted for Kilpatrick, A., brought the crowd to their feet when he lifted the ball into a beautiful arc and caged it from three quarters of the floor, he also played a jam-up floor game for the few minutes he was in the fray. Lehmann at center was there with the reach, taking four out of every five jumps. Fouls were numerous, eleven personal and two technical fouls being called on Greensboro, and seven personals and three technicals were called on the Academy. The final count in favor of Greensboro was 23-14. This closes a very successful season, considering the men's lack of experience.

With five letter men returning next year, the prospects are fine for the Old Historic. She should well establish herself in this branch of athletics and clean up everything by the close of next season. Men! Let's back next year's team and put Richmond where she belongs.



TRACK



VARSITY TRACK SQUAD, 1921.

Top row: Coach Cordle, Jennings, Cleckley (Capt.), Wright, Radford.
Bottom row: Halford, Williams, Hogrefe, Verdery.

Wearers of the Letter "R" 1921

Cleckley, H. M. (Capt.)

Halford, E. M.	Radford, R. L.
Hogrefe, C. R.	Verdery, C.
Jennings, T. J.	Williams, M. B.

The Team

100-yd. Dash—Cleckley, Halford, Hogrefe.

220-yd. Dash—Cleckley, Halford, Hogrefe.

440-yd. Dash—Jennings, Verdery, Lynch.

120-yd. Low Hurdles—Williams, Hogrefe, Radford.

Shot Put—Cleckley.

Discus (Junior)—Cleckley, Wright.

Running Broad Jump—Cleckley, Halford, Hogrefe.

High Jump—Cleckley, Wright, Radford, Perkins.

Relay—Halford, Williams, Jennings, Cleckley, Hogrefe.

Pole Vault—Verdery, Conley.

Track---Field Day

By Cornelius Elliott Heath

The annual field day was held April 11, in preparation for the open dual meet with Bailey the following Saturday. There were several records broken in the heavy and middleweights. Cleckley, Halford and Adams carrying off these honors. However Cleckley later on again broke his own records twice. He also won the heavyweight cup; Halford and Adams tied for middleweight honors, and Kuhlke led in the lightweight.

HEAVYWEIGHT

100-yd. Dash—Cleckley, first; Hogrefe, second; Leitner, third. Ties record, time 10 1-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Verdery, first; Perkins, second; Conley, third. Height, 8 ft. 5 in.

Twelve-Pound Shot Put—Cleckley, first; Baker, second; Lucky, third. Distance, 38 ft. 9 in.—Record.

120 Low Hurdles—Hogrefe, first; Williams, second; Radford, third. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Cleckley, first; Hogrefe, second; Trowbridge, third. Distance, 18 ft. 7 in.

Running High Jump—Radford, first; Wright, second; Perkins, third. Height, 4 ft. 9 in.

440-yd. Dash—Jennings, first; Verdery, second; Lynch, third. Time 61 sec.



CLECKLEY FINISHING 220, BAILEY MEET, '21.
Richmond Record: 22 1-5 second.



BROAD JUMP, BAILEY MEET, '21.
Richmond Record (Cleckley): 19 feet, 9 3-4 inches.

220-yd. Dash—Cleckley, first; Jennings, second; Hogrefe, third. Time, 23 seconds. Ties record.

MIDDLEWEIGHT

75-yd Dash—Adams, first; Halford, second; Caldwell, third.

Eight-Pound Shot Put—Adams, first; Halford, second. Distance, 34 ft. 10 1-2 in.

120-yd. Low Hurdles—Caldwell, first; Sack, second; Emigh, third. Time, 20 1-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Halford, first; Caldwell, second; Sack, third. Distance, 16 ft. 7 1-2 in. Record.

Running High Jump—Caldwell, first; Adams, second; Sack, third. Height, 4 ft. 9 in.

220-yd. Dash—Halford, first; Adams, second; Turner, third. Time, 25 3-5 sec.

LIGHTWEIGHT

50-yd. Dash—Kuhlke, first; Hiers, second; Hendee, third. Time 6 4-5 sec.

Running Broad Jump—Kuhlke, first; Hendee, second; Hiers, third. Distance, 15 feet.

Running High Jump—Hendee, first; Kuhlke, second; Hiers, third. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

120-yd. Dash—Kuhlke, first; Hiers, second; Hendee, third. Time, 15 4-5 sec.

RICHMOND vs. BAILIE

Richmond, 35 1-2. Bailie, 53 1-2

The Academy opened its track season in a dual meet with Bailie Military Institute at Greenwood, S. C., on April 23. This meet was the matching of inexperienced men against those of the experienced type. Cleckley was the individual star of the meet, entering six events, including the relay, and bringing home the bacon in all of them. He broke Richmond records in four events, and established one in an event new to this section of the country, the discus throw. However, this meet ended disastrously for the wearers of the "Purple and Gold," Bailie winning by a large score.

Events

100-yd Dash—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; M. Hunter, Lillard (Bailie), second and third. Time, 10 sec. Record.

High Jump—Lillard, Hunter, Bivens (Bailie), tied for first. Height 5 ft. 2 1-2 ins.

220-yd. Dash—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Payne, Hunter (Bailie), second and third. Time 22 4-5 sec. Record.

Pole Vault—Hunter, first; Bivens, second; Jamison, third (Bailie). Height, 10 ft. 1 in.

120-yd. Low Hurdles—Jamison, Lillard (Bailie), tied for first; M. Hunter (Bailie), Williams (A.R.C.), tied for third.

Discus Throw (Junior)—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Jamison (Bailie), second; Wright (A.R.C.), third. Distance, 153 ft. 1 1-2 in.

440-yd. Dash—Payne (Bailie), first; Jennings (A.R.C.), second; Tolbert (Bailie), third. Time, 58 sec.



RADFORD FINISHING HURDLES



CLECKLEY FINISHING 100, BAILIE MEET, '21.
Richmond Record: 10 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Jamison (Bailie), second; Halford (A.R.C.), third. Distance, 19 ft. 9 3-4 in. Record.

12-Pound Shot Put—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Jamison, Jones (Bailie), second and third. Distance, 40 ft. 8 in. Record.

Relay (880 yds.)—Halford (A.R.C.) vs. Pearce (Bailie); Williams vs. Jamison; Jennings vs. M. Hunter; Cleckley vs. Tolbert. A.R.C., first; Bailie, second. Time, 1 min. 41 1-5 sec.

RICHMOND vs. LANIER

Richmond, 38 1-2. Lanier, 38 1-2.

We next tackled the "Green and Orange" track men of Lanier in Macon, April 29. Cleckley again was the feature of the meet. Richmond defeated them in last year's meet, but this year Lanier had developed several good men and managed to break even with old Richmond. Lanier did not finish in the relay.

Events

100-yd. Dash—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Parks and Kinney (Lanier), second and third. Time, 10 sec. flat. Ties Record.

220-yd. Dash—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Parks (Lanier), second; Hogrefe (A.R.C.), third. Time, 22 1-5 sec. Record.

440-yd. Dash—Hopkins (Lanier), first; Gardiner (Lanier), second; Verdery (A.R.C.), third. Time, 56 sec.

120-yd. Low Hurdles—Hardin (Lanier), first; Williams (A.R.C.), second; Hopkins (Lanier), and Hogrefe (A.R.C.), tied for third. Time, 15 2-5 sec.

Running High Jump—Burkett and Hopkins (Lanier), first and second; Swinson (Lanier), Wright (A.R.C.), tied for third. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Running Broad Jump—Cleckley, Hogrefe and Halford, all of A.R.C., in order named. Distance, 18 ft. 11 in.

Pole Vault—Hardin (Lanier), first; Verdery (A.R.C.), second; Gardiner (Lanier) and Conley (A.R.C.), tied for third. Height 9 ft. 4 in.

12-Pound Shot Put—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Burkett and Rainey (Lanier), second and third. Distance, 37 ft. 10 in.

Relay Race—Hogrefe, Williams, Jennings, Cleckley (A.R.C.); Gardiner, Parks, Hardin, Langston (Lanier). A.R.C. first. Lanier failing to finish, lost three points.

RICHMOND vs. G. M. C.

Richmond, 66. G. M. C., 23.

This meet featured the entire "Purple and Gold" squad. They ran away with every first place in the meet; Jennings in the four-forty completely ran away from the field. Cleckley was again the individual king of the course, entering 6 events and ran away with each, tieing his team-mate in one. He was awarded a beautiful gold medal for having the highest number of points of any individual. Verdery in the pole vault bettered his previous record by 5 inches, breaking the A.R.C. record. In the relay Richmond led the field by forty yards. It may here be stated that in every event Cleckley has entered this year he has shown only his heels to his opponents.



POLE VAULT, FIELD DAY, '21.
Richmond Record (Verdery, C.): 9 feet, 7 inches.

Events

100-yd. Dash—Cleckley and Halford (A.R.C.), first and second; Rawlins (G.M.C.), third. Time, 10 sec.

120-yd. Low Hurdles—Williams and Radford (A.R.C.), tied for first; Williams (G.M.C.), third. Time, 16 1-5 sec.

12-Pound Shot Put—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Wilkins and Eldridge (G.M.C.), second and third. Distance, 40 ft. 3 in.

220-yd. Dash—Cleckley (A.R.C.), first; Rawlins (G.M.C.), second; Hogrefe (A.R.C.), third. Time, 23 2-5 sec.

Pole Vault—Verdery (A.R.C.), first; Wilkins and De Loach (G.M.C.), second and third. Height, 9 ft. 7 in. Record.

Junior Discus—Cleckley and Wright (A.R.C.), first and second; Everidge (G.M.C.), third. Distance, 141 ft. 4 in.

Running Broad Jump—Cleckley and Halford (A.R.C.), first and second; Wilkins (G.M.C.), third. Distance, 19 ft. 6 in.

440-yd. Dash—Jennings (A.R.C.), first; Williams, A., and Williams, M., (G.M.C.), second and third. Time, 57 1-5 sec.

Running High Jump—Cleckley and Radford (A.R.C.), tied for first; Moore (G.M.C.), third. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.

880-yd Relay—Hogrefe, Williams, Halford, Cleckley (A.R.C.); Moran, McMannon, Kehoe, Rawlins (G.M.C). Richmond first. Time, 1 min. 41 sec. Record.

A.R.C. RECORDS—TRACK AND FIELD

100-yd Dash—H. Cleckley, 1921, 10 sec.

220-yd. Dash—H. Cleckley, 1921, 22 1-5 sec.

440-yd. Dash—J. O'Connor, 1916, 53 sec.

120 yd. Hurdles—J. O'Connor, 1916; M. Williams, 1921; 15 1-2 sec.

Running Broad Jump—H. Cleckley, 1921, 19 ft. 9 3-4 in.

Running High Jump—B. Rigsby, 1917, 5 ft. 9 in.

Pole Vault—C. Verdery, 1921, 9 ft. 7 in.

12-Pound Shot Put—H. Cleckley, 1921, 40 ft. 8 in.

Half-Mile Relay—Hogrefe, Williams, Halford, Cleckley, 1921, 1 min. 41 sec.

Junior Discus—H. Cleckley, 1921, 153 ft. 1 1-2 in.



BASE BALL



VARSITY BASE BALL SQUAD, 1920.
Top row: Coach Crook, Johnson, Parks, Fell (Capt.), Dimmock, Philpot, Samuels.
Bottom row: Gillman, Reese, Attridge, Kinard, Owens.

Wearers of the Letter "R" 1920

Fell, W. (Capt.)

Attridge, C.	Owens, A.
Dimmock, W.	Philpot, W.
Gillman, C.	Parks, R. L. M.
Johnson, G.	Reese, L.
Kinard, V.	Sherlock, C.

Varsity Team 1921

Gillman, C. (Capt.)

Kinard (L.F.) Owens (C.F.) Gillman (R.F.)

Sherlock (3d B.) Reese (S.S.)

Cashin (2d B.) Philpot (1st B.) Johnson (C.)

Gillman, C. (P.)

Substitutes: Kilpatrick, C., Newman H., Samuels, J.

Base Ball

By Cornelius Elliott Heath

Richmond, 57. Opponents, 24.

At the close of our successful season in Basket Ball all eyes were focused upon Mr. Crook and his group of tigers on the diamond, and indeed the name doesn't half express it. The colors of Old Richmond have been flying from the highest peak possible for the past month. We have won eight games and lost but one. This game was lost to a school whom we had defeated the previous Saturday 13-2.

Charlie Gillman, last year's star, who struck out 23 men in one game against Carlisle, is back and doing great on the mound. He is Captain of this year's nine, and it couldn't be placed in better hands.

When this article goes to press the season is but two-thirds over, but with the record that has already been made, there is no doubt for the future, even though we have G. M. C. for our next opponent.

SCHEDULE REVIEW

We first journeyed to Washington, Ga., March 5th, to engage Washington High, who were said to have one of the strongest aggregations in that section



REESE, SHORTSTOP, 1921.



OWENS, A., OUTFIELDER, 1921.

of the country. Charlie Gillman allowed them only three singles, while Reese and Kinard did good work with the stick. Sherlock at third base also did some pretty work, especially in stopping a fast drive down the third base line when he made a flying back-hand stab for the sphere, secured it, and caught his man hardly a foot from the base. The final count being 13-2 in favor of Richmond.

The following Saturday, April 8, however, we were not quite so successful in our battle against this team, they defeated us 4-6. Several of the players were out of the game, and Parks, who was substituted for Johnson, just couldn't hold Gillman. Cashin was the star of the fray, smashing out four hits out of five trips to the plate.

Then we began our march of victory, Lanier being our first victim. They appeared here April 15 and 16 for a two-game series. In the first game Gillman, our stellar box artist, was chosen for the work; and he certainly did his share, striking out 16 men, allowing them four hits, and backing up his work with exceptional use of the willow. Kinard also came in for his share of the hits. Owens was called to the mound April 16, and as they thought they couldn't be beaten the second time ,he allowed them only three hits and struck out nine. The resulting score was 8-3 for the men of the Old Historic.

With the sound of victory ringing in their ears, Savannah High next invaded our camp. The first game on Friday being rained out, we engaged them in a double-header on April 23. Gillman was again the star of the Richmond crew, striking out fourteen men and allowing them five hits during both en-

counters, which led them to their fourth consecutive victory. Both scores were 4-1.

Then Carlisle, not being satisfied with her defeats at the hands of the Richmond Quintet, arrived here for a two-game series April 29. "Hard Luck" Warren, the center of this year's football squad, did the mound work for Carlisle against our mainstay, Gillman, and it was a pitcher's battle from the start. Gillman struck out ten men and permitted them but six hits. Otherwise there were no fatures, both teams playing fine ball. Here Richmond again chalked up another victory by a 4-3 count. The following day, April 30, started pretty bad for Richmond, but Owens settled down and the game was put on ice in the fourth inning by a three-bagger over third from Kinard's bat, with three men on bases.

The home crew, however, grew tired of playing on the home field, so last week-end they journeyed to the south to engage the wearers of the "Blue and White" in Savannah, May 6, in a double-header. They returned to the Old Historic a few days later with the long end of both games, 9-3 and 4-3. These made eight straight wins for Richmond. Gillman pitched both games, bettering his previous record by striking out 15 men and allowing 8 hits during both games. Philpot was the bright light at bat for the Academy in both games, securing one out of two attempts in the first game and three out of three in the second. His fielding was also another feature of the engagements.

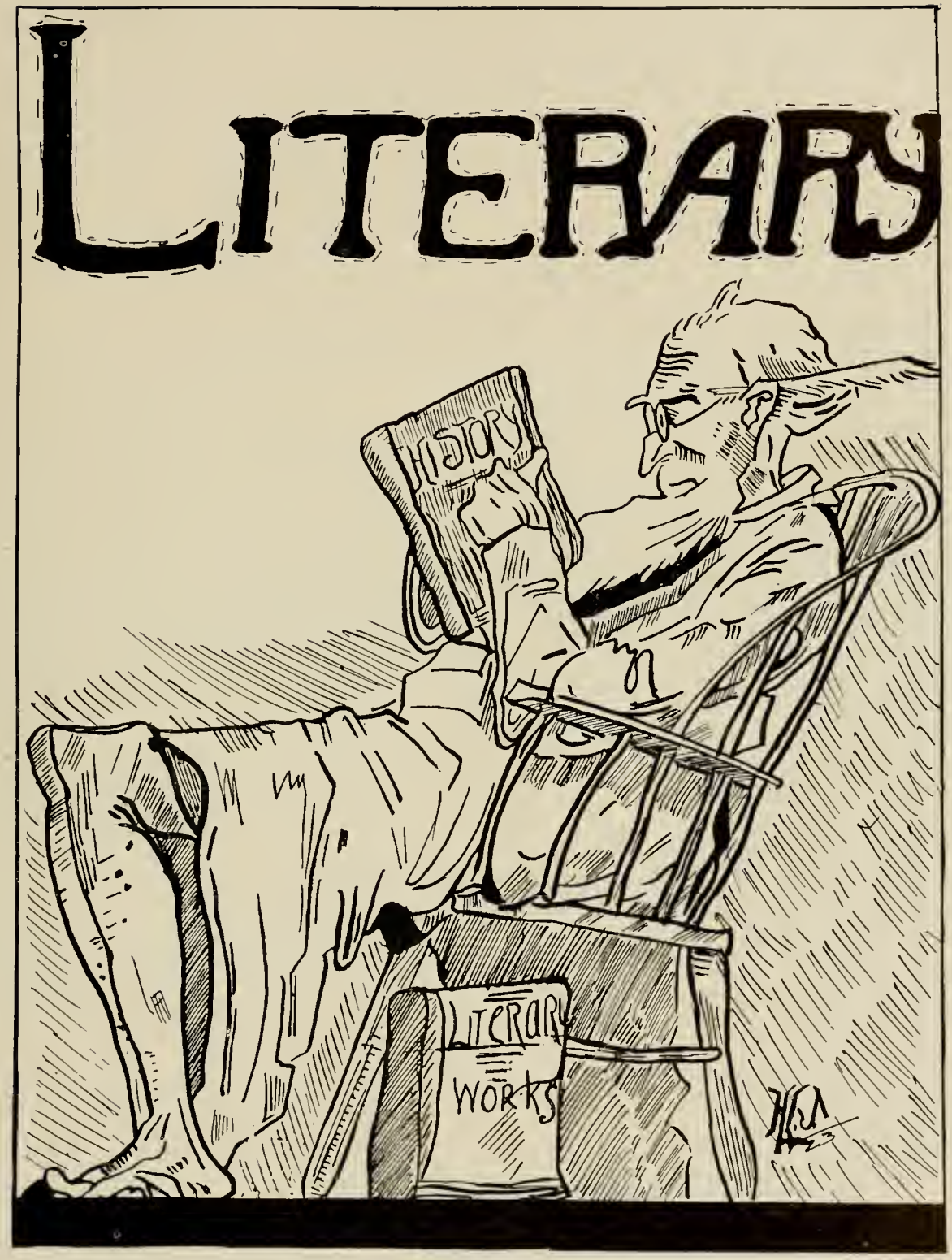
This completes the schedule up to the time this goes to press, making a total of 9 victories and one defeat. With great hopes for the season which is now drawing to a close, we place the record of this year's nine upon the shoulders of future teams to work for.

If

(With Apo'ogies to Kipling)

If you can keep your room when all around you,
  Your friends leave theirs (oft-times to visit you);
If you can answer "no" when pleasures call you,
  So lessons each may get the time it's due;
If Latin that's been dead so long, you can revive
  To life anew (Miracle work'd by few!);
If you can learn all men of English letters
  And in your words tell ev'rything they knew;
If you can capture every size and shape
  Of Geometric figure, and then can show
That there's no possible method of escape
  From your reas'ning which proves the the'rem so;
If you can tear dark College Physics all apart;
  Can understand all J. L. Skinner has to say;
Can work the hardest ones in Well's and Hart
  And know the deeds of all men thru to-day;
If you can learn a hunk of Trigonometry;
  Chemistry, French and Analyt Geometry;
If you can bear to hear the "Tens" you've spoken
  Twisted by professors into "Zeroes",
And watch the exams you've studied hard for, broken
  By red marks changing "Yesses" into "Nos",
If you can do all this, and call it fun,
  Yours is the dip, and well have you deserved it,
And what is more, you've been SOME student, son!

—William L. Fulghum, '21.


LITERARY
HISTORY
LITERARY
WORKS

The Real Hero

ALLYN von GLUCK, who had recently returned from France, was praised by everyone in the picturesque village of Voyen, and rightly so, because he had a Distinguished Service Cross for saving a fellow-comrade under fire. Also another advantage of being a hero was that he was on friendly terms, which might lead to other things, with Mildred Hart, the most beautiful girl in the town.

Now with Jimmie Burt it was a different matter; at the beginning of the war between the United States and Germany he had disappeared, and had returned only recently. As no one knew where he had gone, much talk went around about his not fighting for his country in time of trouble. This was the first time that he had been thought a coward, and he was compared with Allyn, or rather contrasted with him, which was not much to Jimmie's credit. One or two went so far as to ask him why he had not gone to war, but had received the vague reply that he had been away on business. Gradually the people became colder, some giving only a passing nod, others refusing to speak at all. When they saw him they either crossed the street or turned their heads. This continued until scarcely a person would speak to him, and what cut him more than anything else was that Mildred was one of those who avoided him.

But Jimmie had not entirely given up hope, for the Chief of the Secret Service was to come and speak to the town soon, and he thought that the coolness of the people would turn into warmness, and that Mildred would change her attitude toward him. Jimmie went on with his head up, hoping that the time for the Chief to speak would soon arrive. Life dragged on slowly, Jimmie getting more despondent as the time passed, in spite of his efforts to appear unconcerned. The worst blow to him in this trying time was when he sent a letter to Mildred, which was returned unopened with a note which stated in cold terms that if he would explain why he had not enlisted, then it would be time to correspond. And Jimmie could not at the time give reasons. He was indeed in a bad way and nearly gave himself up for lost, but still he held on.

On the morning of the day that the Chief was to speak everybody came, curious to know of what he was going to speak. Jimmie gained courage as the time drew near and walked with a springy step and his head up.

The speech was at the town hall at eight o'clock, and at that time the hall was crowded. On the third row sat Mildred and Allyn, who conversed gayly on various subjects. Promptly at eight the Chief appeared on the platform, followed by Jimmie and Willie Smitherson, whom Allyn had saved in France. With the aid of his crutches he reached the chair put there for him.

A cheer went up when the Chief appeared, but was cut short at the sight of Jimmie. A murmur of disapproval took the place of the cheer. The Chief of the Secret Service arose from his seat, put out his hand for silence, and began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen——"

That was as much as Jimmie heard, but afterwards he learned that the Chief had told the people how Jimmie, upon going to the recruiting office, had

met a representative of the Secret Service who explained to him the need of men in that department, and how he had accepted, and had succeeded in tracking down one of the most dangerous spies in the country. He told of the proof Jimmie had against him, and how he had trailed him back to this country. He told how this spy had picked up a comrade in action, not to save him, but merely to shield his own body from the bullets.

"And," the Chief had concluded, "this man, who was decorated and made a lieutenant for his bravery, is a resident of this town, and his name is Allyn von Gluck."

At this instant von Gluck leaped to his feet, with a revolver in his hand and commanded everybody to remain seated. Going slowly backwards up the aisle to the entrance, his eyes everywhere at one time, he backed out of the door into the arms of three secret service men, who promptly clamped the handcuffs on him.

Everybody ran pellmell through the entrance and out into the street, to see von Gluck surrounded by government officers who were headed in the direction of the jail. He was kept there until the next day, when he was transferred to the federal prison.

On this same day Jimmie received, on stationery smelling sweetly of roses, a sweetly worded invitation in a well-known handwriting. I may as well add that he promptly accepted it.

—George Preston Holland, '21.

The Miracle of the Christ Head

IT was a bitter cold Christmas night. The city of Paris was covered by a carpet of snow. Away back on one of the side streets was the small, but comfortable, house of Peter Heinlin, a German by birth, but now a watchmaker, accustomed to French habits. Inside the house sat Peter, rocking in his old arm-chair, and playing a few favorite airs on his beloved violin. At his feet sat little Marie, a child of three. Her mother, a pretty Frenchwoman, had died at the birth of Marie, which occurrence had caused poor Peter much grief; but he was comforted by baby Marie, who resembled her mother in every respect. Peter was a middle-aged man, perhaps in his early forties, stern in his appearance, but with a kind and loving spirit, and a heart of gold.

In the midst of his reveries, he suddenly stopped, listened. What was that faint moaning? It appeared to come from the street, so Peter slowly arose, walked to the door and gently opened it. Brr! How the wind howled, it pierced his thin clothing, and chilled him to the bone. He looked bewilderedly to the right, then to the left, but only the long carpet of snow, which covered the deserted streets, met his eyes. All at once he heard the low moaning again, almost at his feet, and glancing down, his eyes fell upon a little white bundle. He picked it up, and carried it quickly into the house. Upon examination, he found the bundle to contain a little brown-eyed lad, about four years old, wrapped in a blanket, yet almost on the point of freezing. Peter placed the lad in front of the big, cheerful fire, until he had revived, then he fed him, and

put him in a soft, warm bed. Peter then reclined in his rocker to think for a while. Should he keep the child! Yes, of course, what else could he do? What should he name him? Ah! Jacques, the name of his dead wife's brother. When an answer for these two questions had been provided, Peter lay down beside the child, and soon fell asleep.

* * * * *

Fifteen years have elapsed since little Jacques was discovered lying in the snow, half starved. But now he had reached manhood, a stalwart lad, straight as an arrow. His raven-black hair hung in curly locks over his sun-tanned forehead. He possessed a pair of big brown eyes that reminded one of those of a deer. Marie had now reached the age of eighteen, just blossoming into womanhood. In outward appearance she resembled her mother, having light curly hair and shining blue eyes. Her little French nose was slightly upturned, and her thin lips had a peculiar twitch, perhaps due to her nervous temperament. But the soul of Marie was like that of her father, Peter, kind and loving, and with a heart of gold.

Under the mindful eye of old Peter, his adopted son had studied, since early childhood—drawing, painting, and other forms of art. But Jacques cared little for these. He had reached manhood, and wished only the permission of his guardian to wed Marie. But old Peter said in his stern, but kindly manner, that he would withhold his consent, until Jacques should become a successful artist.

So with this one great purpose in mind, Jacques struggled on, day by day, but without avail. His paintings were good, but judged by the critics as no better than the average artist's.

Until one day Monsieur Devant, the great art critic, was passing through the art gallery and stopped to look at one of Jacques' paintings, a simple woodland scene. After gazing at it for a few moments, he suddenly threw his arms into the air, and ran around the gallery like one insane. He pointed to the picture. Crowds gathered below, to discover the cause of the peculiar actions of Monsieur Devant. Ah! It was all clear after his explanation. For there, in the outline of the trees of the simple woodland scene, was the outline of a perfect Christ Head, beautiful in its structure, the nearest to perfection ever obtained by any artist. Soon offers were made to Jacques—twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand, seventy-five thousand francs—and finally, Monsieur Devant bought the painting for one hundred thousand francs. With this first success, came inspiration to Jacques. He worked day and night, often neglecting his meals. At last he became the most famous artist in all Paris, worth many thousand francs. But all this success meant very little to Jacques. Had he not gained his heart's desire? He was to have Marie for his own wife, and for what else could he wish?

* * * * *

It is again Christmas night, and the streets are covered with snow, exactly as they were eighteen years ago, when Jacques was a tiny chap, hidden in the gutter of old Peter's house. The church bells are chiming, for it is tonight that Marie and Jacques, the most famous artist in Paris, are to be joined in Holy Matrimony.

—R. L. M. Parks, '21.

A Friend's Deception

THROUGH Golden Gulch, a small mining settlement of the northland, there ran a road which forked at the inn on the outskirts of the village. After having supper, Jack Weaver made his way along this road, as he was going for his mail. As he passed through the village he noticed that everything was unusually quiet. All the houses were dark and seemed deserted. Far in the distance he could see the giant jagged peaks which pierced the bright full moon. Everything was covered with a blanket of snow. The cold, biting wind sighed, as it swept through the boughs of the leafless trees.

As he neared the inn he could see that it was brightly lighted. He could hear the laughter of the careless miners. Some of them were noisy and rowdy; others were gay and happy, and were drinking to the health of their friends. Some were rambling wrecks, ever going from one place to another, while some even took life as a joke.

Jack walked up on the porch, kicked his shoes against a post in order to get rid of the snow. Then he quietly opened the door and entered.

Everybody turned to see the newcomer, and well they might, because he was, indeed, a fine young man. He was strong and broad-shouldered, and as he entered he seemed a veritable young Hercules. His eyes were blue, pale blue like a baby's. His hair and complexion light, his jaw firm and well-shaped. Why he had come to this hellish, God-forsaken country, nobody knew. He had few friends, because he always lived apart from the rough, uncultured, and almost savage men. Jack was called a "tenderfoot" because he abstained from strong drink, always satisfying his thirst with a light wine. It was said that he was the best card player in the village, but he never played for stakes.

After glancing at Jack, but without saying a word, they continued their games and dances. Jack strode over to the bar where Sam, the bartender, was filling several glasses with "hooch." On seeing Jack approaching, Sam turned and from a small pigeon hole he took out a white letter, which he handed to Jack. He took it with a smile of satisfaction and happiness.

Anxious to read his letter, Jack made his way to an isolated table where he could read without being disturbed. Opening his letter he began to read. Soon his smile had faded into a frown. He threw the letter upon the floor, but quickly picked it up, folded it and placed it in his pocket. Then he drew out a small black book and began to work over his savings, which he found to be nearly thirty thousand dollars.

Jack arose, strode slowly across the room to a table where some men were gambling. With his hands thrust in his pockets he stood watching the game. The players looked up in surprise at his coming to look at a poker game, for they knew he never gambled.

Presently he spoke, saying, "Let me get into the game." Astonished and surprised, they made room for him and began a new game. Jack calmly

opened the pot for two thousand dollars and was taken up by the others. Soon he was raking the table of piles of coin. His luck was the same for several games. Seeing that Jack's pace was too fast, all the men withdrew except an old, boastful, dirty crooked scoundrel named Pete Holley. Pete had, and lived up to, the reputation of being the biggest crook in the country. As he continued to play the game with Jack, he used every underhand trick that he knew. But in spite of all, Jack won time after time.

Seeing his money diminishing so rapidly, Pete called for drinks, as he was determined to down his rival. By a sign made by Pete the bartender knew his scheme. He returned to the bar, placed two glasses in a tray, and in one he poured whiskey and in the other "vin rouge," which he drugged with laudanum. He returned to the table, served the glasses of whiskey and drugged wine to Pete and Jack, respectively. Jack had become reckless, and he seized his glass and drank the contents in two or three big gulps. Soon the drug began to produce the desired effect, for it seemed as if Jack's mind was clogged, he couldn't think clearly and rapidly.

Pete saw this and persuaded Jack into staking everything in this, the last game, in order to recover all that he had lost and also to break his opponent. To this Jack consented, and as he could not play as successfully as at first, he lost all. He laid his head upon the table and was soon sound asleep.

It was an early hour in the morning and everybody was tired and sleepy. They left one by one until the crowd had disappeared and no one was left in the dance hall except Jack. The bartender grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, and dragged him into an adjoining room, where he shoved him upon a pile of straw to spend the remainder of the night.

About day-break Jack awoke and found that he was not in his warm, cozy little bed, but he was so dizzy that he was unable to recognize where he was. He staggered blindly about the room and found a door which he succeeded in opening after several attempts. He made his way across the porch, and seeing the steps, he tried to walk down, but as everything seemed to go whirling about him he, fell, while grasping an imaginary post.

When Jack awoke from his stupor, he found himself in his room. He sprang from his bed, and while standing in the middle of the room he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. He could not remember coming home, but vaguely remembered playing cards at the dance hall.

Then he felt a sharp pain in his head, and he knew that something had happened to him. As he was already dressed there was nothing for him to do except wash and get something to eat, as he was ravenously hungry.

After having breakfast, and carefully dressing the wound on his head, which he had received by falling down the steps, he built a roaring fire in the fireplace. Then he drew a comfortable chair before the fire and seated himself.

As he sat there his diverted gaze fell upon a volume of Burn's poems which was on the table close by. Reaching over he picked up the volume and opened it. His eyes fell upon the stanza:

"Humid seal of soft affections,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss."

This aroused him, and he continued to the next stanza:

"Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Passion's birth and infant's play,
Glowing dawn of brighter day."

His head rested upon the back of his chair, his eyes, which were filling with tears, were looking up at the ceiling. As he sat there before the fire, he recalled the love and the girl he had left behind. He thought of the times they had strolled down the lane, through the flower garden, and when she had plucked a little rose to pin upon his coat. He thought of the times that they had walked to the bench under the old magnolia tree, for it was there that they had first declared their love for each other.

Could he forget the smiling face of that girl who was to him the sweetest girl in the world? Could he forget those eyes from which he could see a world of love look out at him? Could he forget the speechless joy as her sweet red lips met his in one long, long kiss? No! He could not forget, for the image of that maiden beamed through all he thought or saw or dreamed. A smile broke upon his lips when he thought of the day of his departure, when she threw her soft, tender arms about his neck and, with tears streaming down her cheeks like diamonds, she begged him not to go. But his smile changed to a cold, stern frown as he thought of the letter he had received the night before.

At this moment he heard a soft rapping on his door. He opened it and Sam, the postman and bartender, walked in and gave him another letter. Sam went to the fire to warm, while Jack opened and read the letter. When he had finished, he said in an excited tone, "I see through it all. Yes! I see through it all." Then Jack related the story of the two letters. The one that he had received the night before was from a rival, who had written to inform him that Ruth, Jack's girl, was engaged to another. Then came the letter he had just read, from Ruth, one of those long sweet letters, in which she begged Jack to come back to her. It was now clear; Jack's rival had written a lie, trying to make Jack stay out of the way.

Jack said to Sam, "I am going back tonight to get my girl." Jack was as happy as a lark. He began collecting his things in order to pack up, when Sam, whose eyes filled with tears, said: "Jack, I'm sorry old boy, but you can't go back tonight because your money's gone."

"What!" shouted Jack, as he whirled about. He thrust his hands into his pockets with such force that it seemed as if he would tear them out, his jaws clicked together, his fists doubled, and he cast a fierce glance at Sam.

Sam, with head bent low, told the story of how and what he had done to help Pete steal the money. Then he made abject apologies, as the tears welled in his eyes; and after promising to help Jack regain his money, he took his leave.

It was not until the afternoon that Jack met Pete. He walked up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and whirled him about. Pete, upon recognizing him, made a quick motion toward his gun, but was too slow, for Jack had him covered.

Jack took his hand off Pete's shoulder and then said slowly, in a voice that displayed neither nervousness, fear, nor excitement: "Pete, you contemptible, infernal, yellow-streaked cur, you'll pay for your low-down trick. Pull off your gun belt. I'm going to give you a thrashing that you'll never forget."

Pete laughed heartily at the idea, as he removed his belt and coat. This he had hardly done, before they were together. Pete, drunk, and wild with rage, rushed forward, but he could not withstand the blows of a giant, a young Hercules. In a few minutes Pete had measured his length on the ground. Jack made him return the money which he had taken by unfair means.

Taking his hat and coat, Jack returned to his hut. He packed up and was soon ready to board the night train for the States.

Jack's train was delayed, and it was late when he reached his home town. But he went at once to Ruth's house. She came to the door. There were but two words spoken.

"Jack!"

"Ruth!"

She lifted her pale, beautiful face to his as she clasped her white arms about his neck. Then their lips met. Their spirits grew together in one long, long kiss; one swooning pulse of bliss that throbbed from their hearts. As their lips met again and again, the eternal sweetness of those kisses filled their hearts and souls with ecstatic joy and heavenly bliss.

—J. Marion Adams, '21.

The Legend of the Mound-Builders

Once a dusky maiden of beauty rare,
Entranced two warriors bold and brave;
Like a star her face, and her midnight hair
Crowned a brow more pure than the ocean wave.

'Twas the age when that wondrous, and mighty race,
The Mound builders dwelt in the land of flowers,
And they wrought with skill and with magic grace,
And temples were reared, and lofty towers.

Now Ouita, the maiden, though fair and sweet,
Was coy as the breeze, and as gay and light;
She sped through the maze with flying feet,
And sang from noon till dewy night.

And the warriors gazed with loving eyes
While burned their hearts with a jealous fire;
Each eager to win the lovely prize,
Each watching the other with jealous ire.

But Ouita, though coy, was faithful and true
To the one she loved, tall Alta brave;
She gave him her hand, and her heart went, too,
But, alas! through love lay her path to the grave.

In bridal robes decked with orange bloom,
The young bride walked with her own true love;
When a poisoned dart sealed her fearful doom,
And her spirit fled to bright realms above.

She died on a bed of pure white flowers,
And a nest of birds lay trembling near;
Now the snowy petals make crimson bowers,
And the downy heads crests of carmine wear.

And though hundreds of years have passed away,
Still at even-tide a voice floats by;
And a shadowy form at the close of day
Glides swiftly on where the lovers lie.

In an Indian mound by the river side
They tenderly laid sweet Ouita fair;
And Alta could not survive his bride,
For his heart was dead and they laid him there.

—William L. Fulghum, '21.

Life

Sailing o'er life's troubled ocean,
In our frail and battered bark,
Heedless of its giddy motion,
Sailing without guide or mark.

Dreaming but of present pleasure,
Floating onward, careless, gay,
Seeking for no higher treasure,
Though we're dying day by day.

Drifting onward, drifting ever,
To the goal whence none return;
Hoping ever, looking never,
Far beyond our earthly bourne.

With the pretty bubbles playing,
As they swiftly pass us by;
Emblems of our own decaying,
As we quickly fade and die.

Heeding not the beckoning fingers
Pointing out our dangerous way,
Nor the warning voice that lingers
In our hearts so light and gay.

We live to-day—we die to-morrow,
Seldom do we think of this;
Every heart must feel its sorrow,
Ere it taste of heavenly bliss.

—William L. Fulghum, '21.

The Lovers

Over the hills, above the trees,
The bright full moon is seen
Casting its soft, pale rays on the
Dew which like diamond gleams.

The gentle zephyrs toss the leaves
In the silence of the night.
But lo! There's heard a footstep fall,
Then comes a maid in white.

Her head she hung upon her breast;
Her heart, it seemed, was sad.
A cry she heard come down the hills,
And now she seemed so glad.

A smile has lighted up her face,
Her eyes, they shine with love.
As there she stood, she seemed to be
An angel from above.

But she had heard that cry before,
She knew it very well.
And soon he sat there by her side,
His tale of love to tell.

The midnight hour had long been struck;
To them each hour was bliss,
As there they sat in solitude,
To fondle and to kiss.

His soul was filled with ecstacy,
When she on him would smile
With eyes that told of a heart of love,
Of love that was worth while.

Intoxicated with their love,
They loved until they cried.
Their hearts they were so full of joy
They burst. The lovers died.

Now boys, in this there is advice:
You must not love "beaucoup",
For if you do like the lovers, you
May likewise follow suit!

—J. Marion Adams, '21.

My Sweetheart

The moon was bright, the air was sweet,
And balmy zephyrs gently rest,
The fragrant breath of flowers in bloom,
Floated through our little love nest.

There, at my side, so close to me,
Was my sweetheart so pure and true;
My soul fled to the realms above,
When I gazed in her eyes of blue.

Her shoulders, tender, soft and white,
Her cheeks so red and rosy are;
To me she is an angel dear,
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire star.

Her voice is a sweet melody,
That charms a tumult in my breast.
Her head of golden locks of hair
Upon my shoulder gently rests.

She lifts her eyes of love to me,
A smile now breaks upon her face,
I put my indolent arms around
Her beautiful, supple, well-shaped waist.

She smiled acquiescence, she breathed my name,
As I my tale of love repeat;
Enraptured, thrilled, delighted as
Our lips in darling essence meet.

One long, long swooning pulse of joy,
I felt as I tasted that kiss.
An amorous breeze from ethereal realms
Tossed her hair in that moment of bliss.

Oh! How I love to taste the dewy
Freshness of those rosy lips;
From those lips bubble spring of love,
And in them my soul and heart dips.

She seems to me an angel of love;
She is her father's dear sweet pet,
But is also my dear sweetheart,
And I shall some day win her yet.

J. Marion Adams, '21.



Joke Editors:
R. L. M. PARKS and F. S. CHANCE

—— A-R-C ——

Of course these are not the latest out,
Of this fact we are sure,
But perhaps you'll find a few of them
That you haven't heard before.

—— A-R-C ——

Madge: "Jack's new moustache makes me laugh."
Rine: "Yes, it tickles me, too."

—— A-R-C ——

ANNETTE

Helen is neat,
And Cora is sweet,
And Clarice is a piece of all right.
Peggy is pretty,
And Betty is witty,
But Annette can forget over-night.

—— A-R-C ——

Teacher (to Boob McNutt): "Lamar, go see what the thermometer says."
Boob (returning half an hour later): "Phess, I waited out there half an hour and it didn't say anything."

—— A-R-C ——

Lovers in the hall-way,
Papa on the stair.
Bull-dog on the front porch,
Music in the air.

He: "Every time I kiss you it tends to make me a better man."
She: "Oooh, you angel!"

—— A-R-C ——

"Do you like to dance in this dark corner?"
"No; let's stop dancing."

—— A-R-C ——

We, the students of the Richmond Academy, wish to hold up before the public in general the enviable record of our fellow-student, Mr. E. M. Baker, Grand Duke of Hamburg, as an incomparable liar. Not only has he been without a peer in the school for the past two years, but he has, in attaining this championship, outstripped all previous title-holders (Baron Munchausen and the author of "Tarzan of the Apes" included), and we feel sure that his record will never be equaled in the future, but that it will stand forever a landmark in the history of this institution.

—— A-R-C ——

Cousin Cassius: "Holland, what constricts the bore of the arteries?"
George Preston: "The boa constrictor, sir."

—— A-R-C ——

"Cook" McCord: "Wasn't that a fine lecture by Mr. Bryson on 'The Culture of Prunes'?"
"Skeet": "Splendid! He was so full of his subject."



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

AN ODE TO HANDSOME PHILPOT

I cannot run, or jump, or fight,
Didactic verse I cannot write,
Nor can I madrigals indite—
I dance.
It's swell to be a great athlete,
With crowds of girls at every meet,
But women all adore my feet—
I dance.

—— A-R-C ——

Guy stood in the hall at midnight,
His lips to her's he pressed,
Her father came upon the scene—
Fast sped the long-legged guest.

—— A-R-C ——

RULES FOR HOUSE PARTIES

1. Don't kiss the chaperone—your girl might get jealous.
2. Rustle your feet and cough before passing secluded nooks.
3. Don't pour punch on your girl's dress—it might not be hers.
4. Don't kick anybody in the hip pocket.
5. The chimneys are better to sleep against that the eaves.
6. Take your GOOD pictures off the wall.
7. Drain the home brew out of the bathtub—the chaperone might want to take a shower.
8. Write us for our ten standard excuses guaranteed to fool all matrons and Profs.

—— A-R-C ——

"What happened to Adelle?"
"Oh, she was driving a high-powered car and the accelerator."
"Huh, zat so? Bill told me he saw the shock-absorber."

—— A-R-C ——

"Shot" thought the spot-light was the moon. (Ask "Duck" or "Ranny.")

—— A-R-C ——

"Big Nick" (to Moog): "You're a bone-head. When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Moog: "Yes, and when he was your age he was the President of the United States."

—— A-R-C ——

"Why did you put on your hat?" she asked.
He whispered softly: "Chili Bean."

—— A-R-C ——

"May I see the thinnest thing you have in silk hosiery?"
"I'm very sorry, sir; she's out to lunch."



Here's to the girl, the only girl
Of whom I cannot joke,
Who says, "Let's not go out tonight,"
The evening I am broke.

—— A-R-C ——

"Hank" Philpot: "Does the amoeba have sense(s)?"
Prof. Scruggs: "Why, man, he has as much as you."

—— A-R-C ——

"If you kiss me," declared Miss Frances firmly, "I shall tell father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold, bad man. "Anyway, it's worth it," and he kissed her.

Miss Frances sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and went into another room.

"Father," she said softly, when she got into thhe other room, "Mr. Sherman wants to see your new gun."

"All right, I'll take it in to him," said her father, and two minutes later appeared at the doorway with the new gun in his hand.

There was a crash of breaking glass as Jim Sherman dived through the window and departed in all haste for the first train out of Athens.

—K. R. Fourcher, '21.

In order ta make known the unusual capabilities in special lines of certain precocious students, the following offices have been filled by vote of the student body:

Biggest Drunkard ..... Cleckley, H. M., III.
Best Bicycle Rider ..... "Hank" Philpot
Most Inseparable Twins ..... Moog, S., and Adams, J. M.
Connoisseur in Love Affairs ..... Jim C. Sherman
Originator of the "Marcel Wave" ..... Walter G. Fargo
Iron Man (best since the days of Pete McCreary) ..... C. C. Fargo
Most Powerful Physically ..... "Rameses" Nixon
Most Meditative and Full of Silent Dignity ..... "Skeet" Johnson
Original "He Vamp" ..... Capt. "Palmer" C. E. Heath
Easiest to "String" (ask Gena) ..... "Uncle Harry" Kilpatrick
Worst Bookworm ..... Walter G. Fargo
Easiest Teacher ..... "Phess" Sherman, (2, Mr. J. L. Skinner)
Biggest Mouth (unanimous this year) ..... Billy Philpot
Biggest Politician ..... Mr. "Big Nick"
Wildest Dancer ..... Lieut. Merry, G.
Possessor of the Most Musical Laugh ..... Capt. "Palmer" C. E. Heath

—— A-R-C ——

B. "Isn't that man queer looking, he has pullman teeth."
V. "What do you mean by pullman teeth?"
B. "One upper and one lower."

—— A-R-C ——

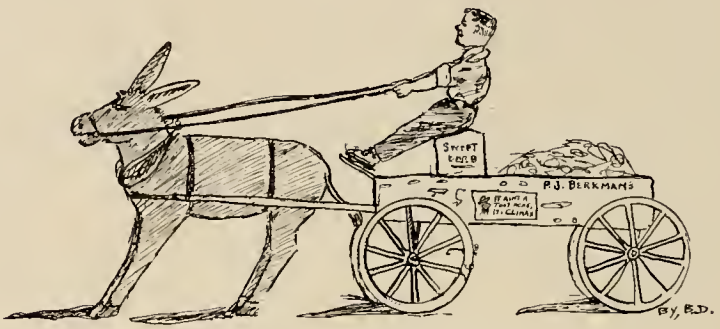
Kitty: "Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car."
Katty: "I hardly ever wear silk ones, either."

—— A-R-C ——

Clergyman: "Er—how's the chicken tonight? Tender and soft?"
Waitress: "Oh, pretty good, Kiddo, how'r you?"



"Ring-Around-A-Rosie."



Whoa!! Josie!

This famous artist met his death
Because he couldn't draw his breath.

—— A-R-C ——

A boy fell off Anheuser Busch,
He tore his pants to Schlitz.
He rose a sad Budweiser boy,
Pabst no, Pabst yes.

—— A-R-C ——

Friend Charley McCord, out to see his girl,
Just couldn't bear to go;
He said good night a thousand times,
(The lights were burning low).
They stood out in the hallway,
For one last farewell kiss,
Then Charley, with a beating heart
Went this.
down like
the steps

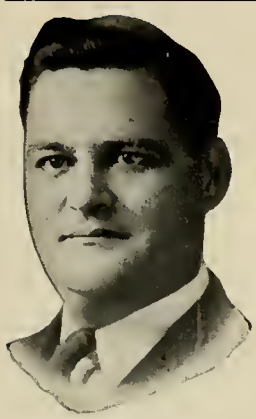
He scampered back for more,
They said farewell full twenty times
Beside the open door;
But father thought 'twas growing late,
Despite young lovers' bliss,
And Charley, unsuspecting,
Went down the steps like
this.

—— A-R-C ——

If your name appears among these jokes,
Don't lay the blame on me,
If it wasn't for you and the other bird,
A joke column there never would be.

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PALMER SCHOOL GRADUATE

Johnson Building
Phone 286

—o— KEEP SMILING —o—

A PUZZLE!!?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called Academies
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, in shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his arm be sent to jail?
If so, what would he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand,
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn off his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?!!

—J. C. Sherman (thanks to E. N.)

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DUKE OF HAMBURG: "Last night I was out riding with May when the car broke down six miles from home, and I had to spend the rest of the evening repairing it. What would you have done?"

"OPIE" CLECKLEY: "The same thing that you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

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YOUR INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

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NATURALLY

TEACHER: "Why did the colonists want free press?"
BRIGHT BOY: "So they would not have to pay to advertise."

—— A-R-C ——

SHUCKS!

"Who was that pretty girl I saw you with yesterday?"
"That ain't no pretty girl; that's my sister."

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RIGHT!

A kiss is a noun, but used as a conjunction, never declined; is more common than proper, never used in the singular, always in the plural, and agrees with me.

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702 Broad Street

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

MR. KANE: "Say, you over there, 120 minutes. What's your name?"

FRESH: "Walters."

MR. KANE: "What are your initials?"

FRESH: "H. L."

MR. KANE: "Yes, and you'll have a H. L. of a time in time class this afternoon."

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"It is in the last stages of consumption."

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"Oh, isn't that just like 'Duck'."

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He: "No; I'm at my best tonight."

— A-R-C —

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Legwen: "Say, Mr. Skinner, why can't I see them turn over?"

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Little cakes of yeast,
Little jug of grape juice,
Revive a thing deceased.

— A-R-C —

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Elizabeth: "That's the kind you'll probab'y get."

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Now he reaches his arm around. Her head is pressed against his heart. Speech at this time would be impossible.

Listen. We hear her struggled whisper: "Oh, dear, you hurt!" In a low earnest voice he says: "Well, I simply can't help hurting you a little bit. You don't mind that, do you?"

Again we hear only silence. They seem perfectly content. It is not long, however, that they remain in this position. He does not seem content with what he can see of her face. Her eyes are violet gray. He bends farther over so that he can see into—well—see into her mouth. Because of course, it is the dentist repairing her teeth.

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There was a young girl from the West,
Who was wooed by a man with much zest.
So hard did he press her
To make he say "Yes, sir,"
That he broke the cigars in his vest.

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Elliott: "You look good enough to eat."

Maggie: "I do eat—where shall we go?"

— A-R-C —

Irate Passenger: "Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

Tough Guy: "If I did you wouldn't sit down for a week."

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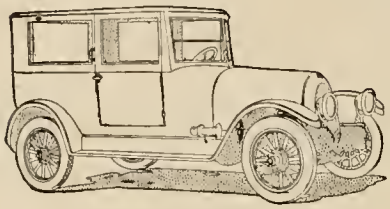
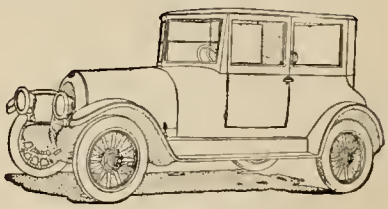
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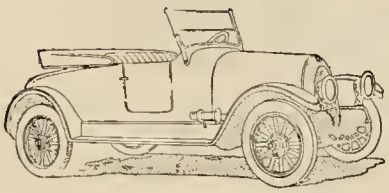
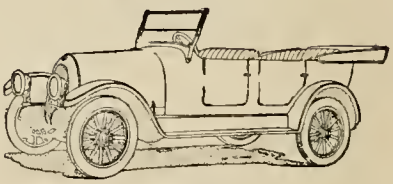
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